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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 717

EDITORIALS:

LOVE AND THE GOVERNING CLASS 720

KIDNAPPING A DICTATOR 721

BOOM—FOR WHOM? 722

THE KING'S ABDICATION by Harold J. Laski 723

NOTES ON THE SIMPSON CRISIS by John Gunther 724

THE FATE OF ZIONISM by Albert Viton 725

MISSOURI'S BOSS PENDERGAST by Irving Dilliard 728

LET THE MEXICANS ORGANIZE! by Frank Stokes 731

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 733

BROUN'S PAGE 734

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

ART FOR ART'S SAKE by Joseph Wood Krutch 735

HISTORY WITHOUT PATTERN by Leo Huberman 736

WELL, NOT SO DEEP by Irwin Edman 736

PUSHKIN IN ENGLISH by Alexander Kaun 738

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE by Louis Kronenberger 738

FRANCE IN THE FAR EAST by Barbara Wertheim 740

A LITERARY AUTOBIOGRAPHER
by Dorothy Van Doren 740

FILMS: "WINTERSET" AND OTHERS
by Mark Van Doren 741

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The Shape of Things

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REPORTS FROM MADRID INDICATE THAT THE rebels have little chance of capturing the city without additional foreign troops. The Moors and foreign legion, who have borne the brunt of the fighting, have suffered such heavy losses that they are believed incapable of further attack. Faced with the danger of annihilation if the Loyalists should attack their exposed flank with sufficient force, the rebels have been forced to look abroad for reinforcements. Neutral reports from various sources indicate that several thousand German and Italian troops are already in Spain, and more will be needed if the rebels are to break into Madrid. Legally and morally these troops are in a sharply different category from the international brigade serving with the Loyalists. The international brigade is composed entirely of volunteers—Frenchmen, anti-fascist Germans and Italians, and a scattering from the various democratic countries. In most instances they have made their way to Spain in defiance of the wishes of their governments. The rebel mercenaries, on the other hand, consist of regular troops which have been dispatched by the German and Italian governments to fight against the government of Spain. This involves nothing short of an act of war against Spain and properly comes under the jurisdiction of the League. Meanwhile, neither France nor England can afford to sit back and permit Spain to be occupied by German and Italian soldiers.

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THE LACK OF REALISM WHICH HAS AFFLICTED the democratic countries since the outbreak of the Spanish revolt has never been better illustrated than in the British-French proposal for a plebiscite to settle the Spanish conflict. Thus far General Franco has ignored the proposal, and he is unlikely to change his mind. But even if he agreed to a plebiscite, is there any reason to suppose that he would accept its result more willingly than he accepted that of the election of last February? On that occasion, it will be recalled, the republican victory was gained despite wholesale terrorism and corruption on the part of the incumbent reactionary government. In any case a fair plebiscite could not be held without the presence of large bodies of foreign troops. General Franco would doubtless demand that a substantial proportion of these be drawn from Germany and Italy, a demand that could hardly be acceded to without laying the basis for an immediate world war. It is true that the Saar plebiscite was carried

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off much more smoothly than was anticipated, but this was because the vote was overwhelmingly one-sided. No one would suggest that the results in Spain would be nearly as decisive. The most unfortunate aspect of the proposal is the fact that it has served, as was possibly intended, to distract attention from the Spanish plea at Geneva. While there has never been much hope that the League would act under Article XI to prevent fascist intervention in Spain, the airing of the situation at Geneva might, under more favorable circumstances, have served to rally world opinion to the side of the legitimate government.

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THE PEACE PLAN OF THE INTER-AMERICAN Conference represents about the only possible compromise between the principle of collective security as espoused by the Latin American countries and the isolationist neutrality proposals of the United States. Under the compromise formula the twenty-one American republics have agreed to hold consultations whenever the peace is threatened, whether by inter-American controversies, attack from without, or a general world conflagration. In addition, a protocol has been introduced—aimed primarily at the United States—outlawing intervention in the affairs of any American republic by any other. The proposal to set up a permanent commission composed of the foreign ministers of each country was lost, but the more general consultative machinery is expected to have the same result. The advantage of the projected accord over the neutrality pact suggested by the American delegation lies in the fact that it is more flexible and less likely to align the American countries against any collective action taken by the League. Consultation offers no assurance against war, but it may lead to a peaceful solution of difficulties in many instances where war is threatened. This may be set down as a definite achievement, although a very minor one in view of the gravity of the international situation. In sabotaging all efforts to establish collective security on the American continent, the United States has rejected the positive elements in the Monroe Doctrine while continuing to demand its economic fruits.

*

HARRY BRIDGES, OF WEST COAST FAME, HAS come to New York by airplane. It is reported that he will try to get the help of Eastern longshoremen, who are not on strike, in preventing the sailing of ships bound for West Coast ports. He is also scheduled to speak at a mass-meeting of seamen engaged in a strike outlawed by Joseph P. Ryan, his superior officer in the International Longshoremen's Association, and by the A. F. of L. He has come, in a word, to challenge Ryan in Ryan's own territory. Mr. Bridges officially opened the campaign some weeks ago in an open letter to Mr. Ryan. Writing in the name of the Pacific Coast District of the I. L. A., Mr. Bridges said that it was "regrettable and nauseating" to the longshoremen of the West to see longshoremen in the East and in the Gulf working struck ships. He further reproached Mr. Ryan for attacking the picket lines of "seamen who are on strike against miserable wages," adding that "your salary of $1,250 per month is more than a seaman earns in an entire year." In the East the rank and file has been making genuine headway in discrediting the self-perpetuating officialdom which has ruled over it in the past. Bridges's open attack on Ryan, followed by his public appearance in New York as a champion of the "outlaw" strikers, marks an important development in the movement for a National Maritime Federation. It reflects the strength of the Pacific rank and file, which has shown amazing solidarity and discipline in a massive and long-drawn-out strike. Finally it is definitely connected with the split in the labor movement sustained at Tampa. The C. I. O. obviously offers to the Maritime Federation, which is essentially an industrial union, more congenial associates than it could find among the crotchety craft-union diehards of the A. F. of L.

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THE SUBSTANCE OF ALBERT VITON'S ARTICLE in this issue is also the substance of the stormy hearings in progress in Palestine under the auspices of the British Royal Commission sent out to study the background, economic and political, of the Arab uprisings. The Arab leaders are boycotting the commission but their views were well known in advance. Primarily they want an end to Jewish immigration and the sale of land to Jewish settlers—a demand that really implies the end of Zionism itself. The representatives of the Jewish Agency have presented a mass of statistics and opinions designed to combat these views. They emphasize the progress Zionism has brought to Palestine, especially in the form of economic improvement shared by Jews and Arabs alike; they demand that Jewish immigrants be accepted to the full absorptive capacity of the country, and that its saturation point be raised by large-scale reclamation projects. But behind this clear-cut conflict lies a whole maze of complexities, including the imperial policy of Great Britain in the Near East, the ravages of anti-Semitism in Germany and Eastern Europe, and the mounting flood of pan-Arab nationalism—deep-seated impulses desperately at odds. Other royal commissions have gone to Palestine and reported on the same problems; but the problems have persisted. They will continue as long as imperialism uses nationalist passions to support its ends, as long as race and religious prejudice are organized into movements by aspiring politicians. But meanwhile this particular commission is confronted by a definite set of circumstances. It must find an immediate solution so that life may somehow go on in Palestine. In the article published this week, and in others to follow by Mr. Viton and Rabbi Bernstein, we hope to present facts and opinions which will help to clarify the issues. On the basis of this material we shall reexamine and restate *The Nation's* position on the whole problem of Palestine.

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THE FINAL OFFICIAL RETURNS FROM THE Presidential election show a distressingly low vote for the candidates of the minor parties. Norman Thomas

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received only 187,000 votes as against 885,000 in 1932, a loss of nearly 80 per cent. Earl Browder, the Communist nominee, did slightly better with 80,000 as compared with Foster's 102,000 four years ago. Lemke, for all his ballyhoo, got almost exactly the number of votes that Thomas polled in 1932. It would be dangerous to conclude that better times have destroyed all possibility of independent political action. The chances are that the improvement in economic conditions had little to do with the result. President Roosevelt undoubtedly obtained many votes from persons who would normally support a minor-party ticket because of the widespread but mistaken assumption that it was to be a close election. The 300,000 votes cast for the President on the American Labor Party ticket in New York indicated a healthy desire to break away from the old-party labels where such action could be taken without seeming to aid the tories. The same might be said of the success of the La Follette Progressives in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor Party in Wisconsin, and Senator Norris's remarkable victory on a non-partisan ticket in Nebraska. But no one will deny that the independent progressives now face a long, uphill fight.

*

A MILLION TONS OF WHEAT IS THE AMOUNT, as announced by General Göring at the Peasant Congress at Goslar, by which the German crop this year falls short of German needs. The rye crop is short by the same amount. Overconfident estimates on the part of the government based on the two record crops of 1932 and 1933 accounts in part for the discrepancy between the actual harvest and what was hoped for; in part the shortage is due to a similar shortage in meat and fats which has resulted in an increased consumption of bread. But whatever the reason, grain will have to be imported; money to pay for it will have to be diverted from the amount spent for buying munitions. In other words, the Day—when the confident Nazis will set forth on their great adventure in international pillage—will have to be postponed a little. A nation which cannot find enough for its citizens to eat cannot risk the dangers of blockade. Göring also reported that peasants were withholding grain from the market in the hope of a higher price or simply to feed it to stock, and he uttered the usual Nazi threats for this failure of patriotism. But threats will not make bread. It is evident that Hitler's Four-Year Plan, which was to make Germany economically independent of the world and at the same time able to attack it, is not running on schedule.

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INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION IN THE EVENT OF war is the high-sounding objective of legislation which has been drafted by the War Department in cooperation with the Navy Department for presentation to the next Congress. The Nye committee revealed that this plan, as it existed at the time of the munitions investigation, contemplated the establishment of a military dictatorship over the country in the event of war. The original plan called for the conscription of industrial workers. The present draft does not contain this section, but it provides the machinery and the justification for putting such a decree into effect. "The objective of any warring nation is victory, immediate and complete," states the document; it confers on the President and the War Resources Administration, which it contemplates, vast powers over the industrial life of the country. The price-control feature of the plan, designed to "take the profits out of war," has been put into the forefront, although experience in the World War shows that attempts to control prices have only slight success. The ordinary man will find much more realistic the provision that in the event of a super-war—and it will be a super-war—"an additional operating function" according to the *Times,* "will be that of supervision over the industrial education and mechanical training of labor required by industry for necessary expansion or in replacement of men taken into the armed forces."

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THE REAL REASON THAT CARDINAL PACELLI came to America no one has quite been able to figure out. Among the many ingenious suggestions advanced have been that he came to curb Coughlin, to gather funds to relieve the Vatican's supposed financial embarrassment, to obtain American cooperation in the three-cornered drive against communism led by Hitler, Mussolini, and Pope Pius, or to establish diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Washington. To these explanations must be added the one offered by the French weekly, *L'Europe Nouvelle.* The Pope is old and ill and his throne will soon be vacant. Leading candidates who at present appear to have equal chances are Cardinal Pacelli and Cardinal Della Costa, Archbishop of Florence. When a Pope dies, the College of Cardinals which elects his successor meets almost immediately and thus a candidate must be forehanded in vote-gathering. In the majority of twenty-five necessary to elect, the seven votes of the Americas (United States four, Canada one, Latin America two) are not to be neglected. So occupied were we at the time of the Cardinal's visit with our own election campaign that it escaped our notice that His Eminence, who had previously visited the Argentine and Brazil, might be doing some astute campaigning of his own.

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JAPAN'S THREATENED CABINET CRISIS HAS died down but not out. The fall of the government as a result of Foreign Minister Arita's proffered resignation appears to have been staved off for the moment. But a sorry record of diplomatic failure has been revealed. The pact with Germany directed against Moscow will probably cost Japan invaluable fishing rights as well as the Sakhalin oil concessions from Soviet Russia and may push the Russians into closer cooperation with China. It has seriously alienated England, and gained Japan nothing but ephemeral advantages from Germany plus dissatisfaction at home and ridicule abroad as a result of Arita's foolish invitation to the democratic countries to join the

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pact. As for the negotiations with Italy, there Japan jumped into the water while Mussolini ran away with its clothes. It recognized the conquest of Ethiopia and unaccountably came away without Italian recognition of Manchoukuo. Moreover, the withdrawal of the demands on China, mentioned on another page, is an admission of diplomatic defeat more humiliating than any Japan has suffered since it was forced to give up Port Arthur after the Russo-Japanese war.

Love and the Governing Class

TO the countless millions of words, oral and written, that have been spilled over the King, Mrs. Simpson, and the abdication, what can now be added? Ours has become the most self-conscious age in history. Its dramatic scenes, its public and private tragedies, are enacted in front of a microphone and a camera. H. L. Mencken has called the love and abdication of Edward the biggest news story since the Resurrection, and the significant thing is that everyone knows this is true. It is not only the rulers, pundits, society leaders, and middle classes of the world that have been following the amazing sequence of events packed into a week. Even the lowliest have followed the story of the man who gave up a throne for love, and have identified themselves with the actors in this high drama.

The theme that quickens all pulses is of course the dilemma of love. It is not merely that the story of Edward and Mrs. Simpson combines, in a hitherto unparalleled mélange, sex, glamor, politics, and royalty. At the core of our interest is what the story has in common with the great Greek tragedies—the theme of personal desire running counter to the inexorable demands of the social structure. And the effect we get here, as in the Greek tragedies, is the purging effect of pity and terror. All our lives we have seen such personal conflicts around us. Every day we have watched in newsprint the heart-break of the millions who ask for advice to the lovelorn, or who unwillingly furnish the staple of newspaper stories. But when a monarch is caught in the same fate, when the stakes are a throne and an empire, we find ourselves confronted with the problem as though it were the newest and freshest thing in the world. And quite naturally, even apart from Edward's moving radio address, our sympathy goes to him—to the man who always rebelled against the stuffy trappings of monarchy, who captured the imagination of his people, and who withal was desperately unhappy and neurotic until he found a woman who engaged his whole being. One thing is clear, and that is that the masses of men and women in the world feel with Edward and with Mrs. Simpson rather than with the Mrs. Grundys of church and Cabinet who not so much allowed him to choose as thrust a choice upon him. And sad as everyone professes to be about Edward's abdication, there is—so sentimental is the world even in a machine age—a general satisfaction that it was not love that abdicated.

But this has been more than a love story. It has been a political drama of wide and deep implication. We are happy to present elsewhere in this issue the comments of two seasoned political observers, Harold Laski and John Gunther, who are acquainted with the actors in the drama and who know England. Their judgments differ in important respects, and ours differs somewhat from both of theirs. The constitutional issue has to our mind been given unnecessary emphasis. Once raised, of course, it became of enormous importance. But need it ever have been raised? Granted that a morganatic marriage is somehow repugnant to the English tradition, it is still clear that the fate of Cabinet government was not at stake until it was pushed into the picture by Mr. Baldwin. A Cabinet and a Prime Minister who wished to avoid making a fracas of the whole business could have waited until a marriage was possible and then introduced an act to change the succession. A press with the Mrs. Simpson taboo removed could eventually have prepared the popular mind for a sensible solution of the whole affair.

One cannot avoid the suspicion that at the center of the whole controversy has stood Mr. Baldwin, playing politics with a Tory mastery of the English mind. Just as in the fall of 1935, feeling his political fortunes ebbing, he maneuvered a general election right after the Jubilee and at the strategic moment when the British people, after taking a general peace ballot, were reluctant to change a government that had given its pledge against rearmament; just as last winter, after the Hoare-Laval fiasco, he repaired his damaged prestige by using the death of George V to broadcast a touching eulogy of Queen Mary and the sanctity of British family life; so with a Cabinet again shaken by the vacillations of British foreign and internal policy, he has used Edward's personal dilemma to show himself again the champion of British morality and above all of the tradition of Cabinet government. How he translated the first into terms of the second can be read between the lines of his truly masterly speech in the House of Commons on the day of the abdication. Note the earnestness with which Mr. Baldwin repeatedly assures his Parliament that it was not he but the King who at each point except at the very beginning broached the problem of Mrs. Simpson. But on the question of who it was that introduced the idea of a morganatic marriage he is beautifully indefinite. "The suggestion had been made to me," he says. But by whom? This is a startling omission in a supposedly candid statement. If the suggestion had been made by the King, Mr. Baldwin would have been eager to say so. No, Mr. Baldwin saw that the morganatic marriage was something on which he could base the issue of Cabinet responsibility. And once that was intruded into the picture, Mr. Baldwin was clearly and inevitably the victor.

Mr. Gunther ends his article with a witty and skeptical query as to what the Marxians can make of Mrs. Simpson. Like any complex historical event, the story of Edward's yielding of the throne has ramifications that go beyond any single school of thought. But to connect Edward's

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love and abdication with the whole position of the English governing class is by no means fantastic. In fact, it is the only analysis that cuts through the tangle of perplexities that trouble Mr. Gunther. The reason we have attached no special importance to the reputed pro-Germanism of Edward and Mrs. Simpson and the group around them is that the whole ruling class in England is riddled with pro-Germanism. What the episode clearly shows is the weakness and indecisiveness of the governing groups in England, the alliance of Church of England hypocrisy with the political ends of the Tories, the deep splits within the governing class itself at the very moment in the European chaos when a vigorous and decisive government can alone insure British survival. Mr. Baldwin has now for at least the third time been able to give his waning party a new lease on life, and each time he has leaned on the traditions of the monarchy and the hold it has on the people. But as Mr. Laski points out, it is the monarchy itself as an institution that has suffered the severest blow. For many of the British people this is the first time the trappings of the monarchy have been torn away. A symbol is always weakened by exposure. One wonders how much longer this one can be used to enable the Baldwins of Britain and their allies in the hierarchy of church and finance to conceal their incapacity to govern except in their own interest.

Kidnapping a Dictator

[*As we go to press an unconfirmed report from Shanghai announces the execution of Chiang Kai-shek. The consequences of this act will be discussed next week.*]

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG'S coup d'état and the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek should not come as a surprise to those who have been following Far Eastern affairs closely in recent months. For some time it has been evident that China was preparing to challenge Japan. The most influential sections of Chinese public opinion—the students, intellectuals, and business interests—have been bitterly anti-Japanese throughout the past year, and the only question was whether Chiang Kai-shek or some other militarist would assume leadership of the movement. Since his capitulation to the Kwangsi clique in September, Chiang has taken a somewhat stronger stand against Japan. He was influential in rejecting the ultimatum presented to Nanking after the killing of six Japanese in the late summer and had cooperated in the defense of Suiyuan. Nevertheless, the recent arrest of the leaders of the national liberation movement in Shanghai indicated that Chiang was still playing a middle-of-the-road game, and that he had no intention of openly attacking Japan except as a last resort. He had repeatedly spurned the Communists' invitation to a united front against Japan and had recently declared that he would resume his perennial anti-red campaign. It is even suggested that he had planned to arrest Chang Hsueh-liang for alleged red sympathies.

Chang Hsueh-liang is far from being a Communist. He is one of the wealthiest men in China, having inherited tens of millions from his father, the notorious Chang Tso-lin. But he has fallen in with the Communist program in so far as it places primary emphasis on the eradication of the Japanese. Chang is not likely to forget that it was the Japanese who deprived him of his position as overlord of Manchuria. Possibly he is astute enough to see that history has a place for the man who assumes leadership of the great mass movement which is demanding the liberation of China from Japanese domination. And he may be wise enough to know that such a goal can only be achieved with the backing of a united China —including the Communists, with their vast armies in the northwest close to the Japanese area.

If the "Young Marshal" succeeds in uniting the country under his leadership, the Japanese will be placed in an intolerable position. The military clique is already under strong criticism at home for arousing Chinese opposition. As a result, two of the most important of the recent Japanese demands have been dropped. Japanese troops will not now be sent to the interior "to fight communism," and the plan for a five-province buffer state in North China will be temporarily shelved. The recent victory of the local Suiyuan troops over the Japanese-supported Mongols from Chahar doubtless contributed to this decision. Success of the Chang revolt would leave Japan with a choice between an ignominious retreat, accompanied by a complete loss of face, and open hostilities. The events of the past few weeks have suggested that Japan wishes above all else to avoid war with China. Although the superior equipment of the Japanese should assure an ultimate triumph, such a struggle would strain the resources of the islands to the limit. And Japan has its eye on bigger game than China.

The alliance between Chang Hsueh-liang and the Communists is a direct result of the Third International's "united-front" tactics. It is an attempt to restore the status of 1926, when the Kuomintang with Communist support came very near creating a modern, independent China. The fact that the Communist Party has taken leadership in the anti-Japanese movement gives that party a prestige which may later be of tremendous importance in determining the trend of social change in China. For the moment, however, there can be no thought of revolution. China will have its hands full checking Japanese imperialism.

Ordinarily there would be little danger of a Sino-Japanese conflict developing into a world war. The nature of the present controversy, however, gives cause for anxiety. Japan has already blamed the Soviet Union for the part played by the Chinese Communists in Chang's coup d'état. Although this has been denied, Russia cannot but be seriously concerned in the outcome. Further Japanese penetration into Inner Mongolia and North China would constitute a direct threat to the Soviet defenses. Sooner or later a clash between the two countries is inevitable; in which event Germany is committed to the support of Japan. Thus the future of Europe as well as that of Asia may be decided by the events of the next few days in far-off Sian-fu.

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Boom—for Whom?

THE financial pages of the newspapers have made much cheerier reading in recent weeks than any other section. From the standpoint of the stockholder, November was the most satisfactory month on record. During this brief thirty-day period American corporations declared dividends aggregating $883,000,000, which exceeded the best previous month by practically 50 per cent. An additional $300,000,000 in dividends was announced during the first ten days of December, bringing the total since the end of October to approximately $1,200,000,000. This amount is equal to about 3 per cent of the national income of the United States as it was in 1932 and 1933 and to at least 2 per cent of the present income. In addition to receiving nearly a billion and a quarter in cold cash, stockholders had the satisfaction of knowing that the value of their holdings increased by more than a billion and a half during November. And if they were philanthropically inclined, they doubtless derived additional satisfaction from the thought that the workers of the country had shared in the melon to the extent of at least a quarter of a billion dollars in increased wages and bonuses.

Although the flood of extra dividends can be explained largely by the desire on the part of directors to avoid the higher ranges of the recently enacted tax on corporation surpluses, there can be no doubt that business is good. The Federal Reserve Board's index of business activity is well over the 1923-25 average and at its highest point since the boom years. Holiday retail sales are estimated to be running 15 per cent higher than last year and only about 10 per cent under 1929. Employment and pay rolls have shown steady improvement. Despite the drought and elimination of AAA payments, the 1936 farm income will doubtless surpass that of any recent year. Commodity prices have risen even more steadily than the stock market in recent weeks, and wheat is at the highest point in years. In the industrial field the index of steel-ingot production has reached 79 per cent of capacity, and November's output is believed to have been the largest for any November in the history of the iron and steel industry.

Business sentiment for 1937 is exceptionally optimistic. Although European difficulties and the spread of the "sitdown" strikes have troubled the stock market recently, no one really expects a serious relapse at this time. A much greater danger is the possibility of a runaway inflation. In its earlier stages inflation can scarcely be distinguished from general business revival. The 1936 business boom has been an inflationary boom which has not as yet got beyond control. The test, of course, lies in the purchasing power of the dollar. During the 1928 and 1929 stock-market boom there was no general increase in prices. On the contrary, commodity prices showed a slight tendency to decline. A certain increase in prices and the cost of living was inevitable in the recovery period. But with wheat at $1.35 a bushel in Chicago and copper selling at 11 cents a pound, there are indications that price increases are already going farther than is quite healthy. Perhaps the most disquieting element in an inflation is the fact that speculators, stockholders, and entrepreneurs obtain an ever-increasing share of the national income. The recent orgy of melon cutting and the continuous increase in commodity prices suggest that this process is already under way. It is true that wages have also been boosted, but wages are by no means keeping pace with dividends, and it is doubtful whether the wage-earner will receive as large a proportion of the 1936 national income as he did either in the depression years or in 1929.

That the Administration is aware of the dangers inherent in the situation is evident from the apprehension which has been shown over the continued increase in the excess reserves of the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. While a seasonal decline in these reserves is expected between now and the beginning of next year, they are certain to rise again unless a further cut is made in reserve requirements. Ultimately, two billion dollars of excess reserves means twenty billion in new purchasing power if the present expansion in business and financial activity continues. This would result in feverish business activity, but it would also mean prices far higher than those of 1929. Instead of recovery from the depression, we should be confronted with a perilous boom, supported by the new purchasing power created by the devaluation of the dollar, and swollen by our huge imports of gold and silver. The excess reserves might be drastically reduced if the Reserve Banks would sell their holdings of government bonds, but such action is unlikely because it would seriously impair the government's borrowing power. A further increase in reserve requirements is also possible, but there can be no assurance that the state banks will remain in the system if the terms become too onerous. The chances are that any action that the Reserve Board takes will be insufficient to prevent a further inflationary rise in prices.

Such a development would virtually make it impossible to stabilize economic activity at a high level. It would involve a further redistribution of income from the wage-earning and salaried classes to the already wealthy owners of the means of production. At first this would result in a tremendous expansion in the capital-goods industries, but eventually the country would face the old question—where are the masses going to obtain the money to buy the increased production? The Administration would have to decide between a cessation of spending with a contraction of credit which would precipitate another depression, and increased spending with a consequent runaway inflation. Fortunately, this tragic dilemma can still be avoided by diverting the tide of unearned income into the channel where it is certain to be used to bolster consumer buying power. This may be partly achieved by an increase in the income tax on individuals in the high and moderately high brackets and the use of the funds thus obtained to create genuine social security for the unemployed, the aged, the sick, and other victims of the tragic insecurity of our times.

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The King's Abdication

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

By Radio from London, December 13

AT THE week-end it looked as though the possible abdication of the King might be attended by grave consequences. There were some signs in London of mass emotion. The millionaire press was hinting that the Cabinet was trying to force King Edward from the throne because of his supposed liberal views. Mr. Churchill and the fascists were, it appeared, threatening to form a party of the King's friends. Some left-wing opinion was urging the Labor Party to use the opportunity to attain office, win a general election on a wave of sentiment, and drive through a socialist program.

All opposition to the abdication collapsed by Tuesday night. This, I think, was due to a number of reasons. (1) The idea of a morganatic marriage was everywhere unpopular and did grave harm to King Edward's popularity. (2) The unity of the dominions with the Cabinet's view immediately strengthened its hands. (3) The opinion grew rapidly among labor that a King's victory would mean sooner or later a reassertion of his independent power in politics that would make him a tool in the worst kind of Tory hands. (4) The solid press, especially in the provinces, was overwhelmingly on Mr. Baldwin's side in regarding the marriage with Mrs. Simpson as impossible. (5) The King's allies, especially Sir Oswald Mosley, did him great harm. It was felt that dark forces were irresponsibly seeking to exploit his prestige for their own ends. By Thursday the nation was not only prepared for abdication; it was ready to accept it as the best way out of the situation, for any alternative, unless the King renounced marriage with Mrs. Simpson, would sooner or later have raised the issue of King versus Parliament. No one except the fascists wanted that issue raised.

The abdication is above all the assertion of the principles (1) that the King must act on the advice of his ministers; (2) that the place where issues of policy are decided is and must be the House of Commons. By reason of these the result is an important blow to those who sought to get this issue decided by non-parliamentary action.

But there is no doubt that it has done serious damage to the monarchy. For the first time in sixty years the validity of the monarchical principle itself is being widely discussed. That is a novel departure in English life. It is clear, also, that the abdication removes a great deal of the prestige from the throne. This has been emphasized by the wide sense of royal irresponsibility in the matter. People have seen through the magic which screens the throne as they have not done since the time of George IV, and the wholesale indignation of the Tories at the very idea of marriage with Mrs. Simpson has shown the man in the street that in fact the roots of the system are far more fragile than he had been led to suppose. As always when a mystery comes into the public view it is quickly discovered that it is not a mystery at all.

I do not believe the theory that conservatism forced Mr. Baldwin to get rid of the King for fear that he would prove an inconvenient radical influence. I believe it profoundly disliked the marriage, in part for snobbish reasons; but what determined the national attitude lay much deeper than the marriage itself.

On the whole the effects of the change will be good. The palace will resume its normal dullness. Exploitation of the crown will be more difficult. That is something for which labor can be grateful. It is clear too that fascist influences cannot use the prestige of monarchy as an instrument in their hands. The country will go on as if nothing vital had occurred, for the one certain thing is that King Edward will not be able—if he were inclined—to form a Jacobite movement.

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Notes on the Simpson Crisis

BY JOHN GUNTHER

THE whole stupendous business is full of puzzles, paradoxes, and contradictions. Contradiction Number One: The person of the King is so unimportant that the transition from Edward to York proceeds apparently with the utmost smoothness; yet the person of the Queen is so critically important that it cost Edward the throne.

Another is that the Church of England, which forbade this marriage on the issue of divorce, was itself founded by Henry VIII ostensibly to make divorce possible to a monarch.

Another is that England above all things prides itself on a free press; yet a ruthless censorship of the greatest story of a generation helped Edward to lose the crown. A subsidiary irony is the position of Mr. Hearst, who destroys all he touches. It must have been the early Hearst stories, whooping for marriage, which reached Baldwin and helped to blast it.

Incidentally, the American press was not so wild as many people uncritically imagine. No breath of scandal about Mrs. Simpson was ever unearthed. She was simply a lady who had had two husbands. Our papers went in for formality and abbreviation, which is a form of fondness. The worst that happened was that we called them Wally and Davey and that Mr. Luce of *Time* invented "snuggery" to describe Fort Belvedere.

Why, why, why did it all have to happen? Old Family Doctor Baldwin said that growing publicity made him go to the King. But everyone who counted in England had known for at least six months that Mrs. Simpson's special position greatly improved the character and happiness of the monarch and made him a better King. The issue of censorship is of great importance. If public opinion had been allowed gradually to form a favorable opinion of Mrs. Simpson and her excellent influence on the King, there might have been very little scandal. If Mrs. Baldwin had had her to tea or if Queen Mary had taken her out shopping, the results might have been very different.

I have no means of knowing, but I imagine that Mrs. Baldwin had a considerable lot to do with shaping her husband's mind.

Of course Edward must have made up his mind absolutely for marriage with Mrs. Simpson. Otherwise the story doesn't make sense. He gave up the throne not just for a woman, but for a wife, which is something quite different.

This brings up another terrific contradiction. Edward did not want to live a loose life. He could have had plenty of mistresses. But he wanted marriage and a family, as he movingly explained in his broadcast. Mr. Baldwin, the moralist, denied him this. He misused a moral position to deny the king a moral solution to the problem. It was not immorality but just the opposite which provoked the Church of England's wrath.

The case attaches a stigma to all divorced persons in England. Mrs. Simpson's one and one-half divorces were strictly conventional and proper. Her ex-husbands "now living" admire her greatly. Supposing she had been twice widowed. Would that have made a difference? Suppose both her ex-husbands should die next week. Would this whole crisis have been in vain? Ridiculous!

Mr. Baldwin said that no precedent existed for a morganatic marriage. But none existed for an abdication of this kind—something infinitely more iconoclastic.

Laertes's speech to Ophelia, quoted by the Prime Minister, was striking. Has Mr. Baldwin forgotten how Hamlet ends?

I wish the poor old Labor Party had not been so glacially "constitutional." Constitutionalism in England is, after all, what *is* done. If Mr. Attlee and his advisers had had more push and sting and farsightedness they might, from January to October, have got much closer to the King than they did get; the King was not unsympathetic. If, thoroughly warm relations having been established, the Labor leaders had not been quite so stick-in-the-muddish over divorce, they might have been in a position to tell Baldwin that they were willing to go to the country on the issue. Perhaps the Labor Party is too hopelessly bankrupt for revival. But a lot of us over here thought that in this issue they missed a grand chance for resuscitation. Again the business of censorship comes up. The *people,* the bulk of them, knew nothing of the crisis until it was splashed into their faces on December 3, and Baldwin certainly never gave them a chance of expressing an opinion.

I do not think that Baldwin, the Archbishop, the *Times,* and so on formed a cabal to squeeze Edward off the throne. Things don't happen that way in England. I do not think that Edward's visit to Wales was more than a minor embarrassment to the Cabinet. No one important in the ruling classes wanted an abdication, by choice, even though they might have been willing to see Edward put in his place rather sharply perhaps, and even though they have swallowed the business with almost unseemly grace.

Baldwin's speech was an authentic masterpiece. Its strength derived from the curious Puritan mysticism in his character. I think, though, that he left some things out. Edward's speech was a masterpiece too, and also with great quality of emotion.

If Parliament is going to interfere with the private life of a king—even a king cursed with inability to love anyone except a woman who belongs or belonged to some-

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one else—then Parliament should be responsible for his education and upbringing.

The whole thing is an imperial as well as a personal tragedy. Edward's position may be tinged with a certain neuroticism, but surely his abdication represents a tremendous wastage of human material. And the political consequences must be considerable. Already Mr. De Valera has squeezed out from under with the governor general's head. What are the people in India and Africa and the South Seas going to think—if they get a chance—about the value of the crown as a symbol of imperial unity, when a king in the full spring of his reign tosses it into the junkpile like a can of soup? The political value of monarchy is the assurance it gives—or should give—of fixity, dignity, stability, permanence.

When I was in England there was a good deal of talk about Edward's alleged pro-Germanism. Most members of the royal family are not, perhaps, so much pro-German as anti-French. They are, after all, first- or second-generation Germans, and the French have always irritated and puzzled them. I do not think that Edward's "pro-Germanism" could have become a very important political force. It was based not only on heredity but on a sort of good-fellowship feeling that the Germans had had a raw deal after the war and deserved some sporting aid. The new King probably has much the same basic impulses and ideas. So one might conclude that the shift from Edward to York will not mean much difference on this tremendously important issue. York, however, is a much less vivid character than Edward and will doubtless be more under the influence of his advisers.

People wonder if Edward, like Carol of Rumania, will be a political source of trouble during exile. There will certainly be trouble-makers anxious to capitalize his position, for instance Mosley. But it is doubtful in the extreme that Edward will pay any attention to them. If he was too fed up to keep the job, he will be too fed up to try to get it back.

Edward, the world knows, wants to marry Mrs. Simpson. Will he be able to? Can the King's Proctor make trouble? Has the matter been "arranged"? It would be a heart-break if the marriage were to be made impossible. It would also, it seems clear, smash utterly British reputation for fair play. It was Baldwin himself who first announced officially the King's intention to marry. If he utilized this pronouncement not only to get Edward off the throne but to prevent the marriage in perpetuity, the storm of disgust among decent people might be enough to make Edward a political issue once again.

Finally, I am curious to hear the Marxist interpretation of all this. What do the economic determinists say of Mrs. Simpson?

The Fate of Zionism

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, November 2

THE Arab strike, which lasted six months, is over; violence, too, has temporarily subsided. The 30,000 soldiers whom Britain has dextrously slipped into Palestine will maintain order as a side duty—until something happens. A leading Arab said to me: "Either a European war will break out in a year or two or it will not. If war comes, we shall have our chance because England will not be able to keep so many soldiers here. If it doesn't, we shall have another chance because England will withdraw some of the troops anyway." A Royal Commission will soon arrive to investigate the last outbreak and suggest a solution that will prevent bloodshed in the future. But Palestine has had commissions in the past. They have issued voluminous reports but they have not brought peace. Neither Arabs or Zionists are optimistic about the results of the new commission. British commissions are designed to safeguard British interests, not to help the country. Only an Arab-Zionist understanding, with or without Britain, can heal the ills of the land.

Some fifteen months of study on the spot have convinced me that to make a report on Palestine one must begin at the beginning, even though no land has rated so many words per square foot. Palestine is very small. Its total area is approximately 10,000 square miles, not much larger than the state of New Jersey, and it has less good agricultural land. The exact area of cultivable land is unknown—after nineteen years of British rule. Guesses range from 1,500,000 acres to more than double that amount. A conservative estimate, I believe, would set it at 2,500,000 acres. The Jews are constantly discovering new sources of underground water, and a hydro-geologic investigation might disclose abundant water in what is now considered desert. No such investigation has been made, though the government is enjoined by the terms of the mandate to "encourage close settlement by Jews on the land."

Since the Zionists want to settle tens of thousands of Jewish families as farmers, the question whether there is sufficient land is of paramount importance. According to the latest census 54 per cent of the population derive a living from agriculture. But the Arab peasants own only 60 per cent of the land they cultivate; 29 per cent of the peasants own no land at all; and about 47 per cent depend for their livelihood on secondary outside occupations. Consequently the poverty of the Arab village is almost unimaginable. The low and windowless one-room hut, made of mud and dried dung, is shared by the whole family and its few emaciated animals. There is

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no sign of furniture; all sleep on the ground. A long cotton dress resembling the old-fashioned nightshirt lasts the fellah for years. His diet is poor and monotonous. Thin cakes of bread made of impure flour, together with a few radishes or onions, make up his morning and evening meals; his main meal, taken in the afternoon, consists usually of a thick vegetable soup. Sickness is constant, blindness is horribly frequent, and the rate of infant mortality is 147 per 1,000 births.

The miserable condition of the Arab fellah, however, is not due to the scarcity of land. First of all, he does not like to overwork himself; second, he is totally ignorant of modern methods of agriculture and his implements are extremely primitive; third, he is weighed down by a burden of debt on which he pays interest that is rarely lower than 30 per cent, frequently 100 per cent or even more. The prosperous Christian inhabitants of Nazareth and the Moslems of Nablus owe their wealth to the usury they practice on the fellaheen of the neighboring villages. When the debt burden becomes hopeless, as frequently happens in all Oriental lands, the interest sharks take over the little farm, and one more fellah becomes landless. This, and the Turkish custom of endowing court favorites with large estates, has given rise to the fourth and worst evil—feudal landlordism.

In this land of poverty and death the Zionists have done a great work. They have drained tens of thousands of acres of deadly swamps; they have reclaimed at tremendous human and financial cost land which was worthless for centuries. They have planted orange groves where there was desert yesterday. The two colonies of Petakh-Tikvah and Hederah are typical. Until the coming of the Jews both were malarial marshes, inhabited by a few half-starved, disease-ridden Bedouin families. Today Petakh-Tikvah supports a population of 18,000, Hederah of 5,000. Thousands of acres of orange groves surround both colonies. In Hederah eucalyptus trees are the only remaining signs of the once deadly swamp. A railroad station and a large modern orange-packing house now stand on the site.

During a walking trip through Palestine last spring, my companion and I traversed in the Jordan Valley thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. "And one could get water from the Jordan for irrigating it," my companion remarked. Small patches here and there were cultivated, but the Arabs had not even removed the stones which littered the fields. During a good ten-hour walk we did not see a single village; only a few friendly Bedouins grazing their sheep as Abraham's ancestors used to do. Suddenly, around four in the afternoon, we saw in the distance four bent figures. We found them to be four settlers. After giving us water and preparing seats under their wagon—which cast the only shade within miles—they told us their story. The Jewish National Fund bought here about 750 acres, on which 150 families will eventually settle. These four had been sent to prepare the land. For the last year they had been picking up stones; with pride they pointed to piles of stones that dotted the fields. In the summer the Jordan Valley is a burning furnace. There are scorpions, black and red, under the stones; as a result of their bite men have gone crazy from pain, which lasts about two weeks. In the few days we remained there, I insisted on helping them pick up stones, and I saw for myself those ugly little venomous creatures. The stones will be used eventually for building. Meanwhile, day after day and month after month, four men are picking up stones in the Valley of the Jordan.

What irrigation and intensive cultivation have done for the Jewish colonies could be done for the whole country. Not only is there enough land to allow the present agricultural population to enjoy a decent standard of living, but there is enough to support additional Jewish settlement. While the Arab fellah starves on thirty acres, the Jew prospers on five. As long as the Arab waste of land continues, however, there is little if any land for new settlement; moreover, if Jewish settlement continues on its past scale, there can be no doubt that it will spell the ruin of an increasing number of Arab peasants. A. Granovsky, of the Jewish National Fund, claims that only 688 peasants have been displaced in the plains of Esdraelon and Acre, but evidence presented before the commission which investigated the 1929 disturbances showed that about 2,000 had been so displaced. At least a few hundred more were forced off the land around Jaffa. What is likely to happen unless a fundamental agricultural revolution is carried through is indicated by the bloody fights in Wadi Hawareth between the new settlers and the Bedouins, and more recently at El Hartiyah near Haifa, where an Arab was shot dead by the police who were carrying out a court order for eviction.

With fundamental changes in the agricultural set-up, a certain number of Jewish families could be settled, though the cost would be extremely high. The exact number of families is of course unpredictable, but it would not run into six figures, as Zionists claim. E. Volcani, head of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Rehovoth, who undoubtedly knows more about Palestine agriculture than anybody else, said to me last winter: "I used to speak of settling 100,000 families here. I now recognize that hope to have been a sin of youthfulness." Possibly room could be found for 25,000 families. Settling even that many would be a gigantic task involving the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. So far, after half a century of intensive effort, not more than a third of that number have been settled at a cost of $6,000 to $12,000 per family. The cost of land in Palestine is prohibitive. Around the Jewish settlements land cannot be had for less than $600 an acre.

For political reasons, however, many Zionists are opposed to any scheme which would further Jewish settlement and at the same time cause the non-Jewish inhabitants to strike deeper roots in the soil. "Every new Arab house, every additional acre of Arab orange plantation, scares me more than all their political demonstrations and speeches," a Zionist leader once said to me as we passed the Arab orange groves around Jaffa.

Just as the Zionist ambition to settle millions of Jews on the land could not be realized even if the Arab fellah were squeezed out entirely, so also is the project of developing industries which will give employment to

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millions doomed to failure. Not only is Palestine small, but it is extremely poor in natural resources. It has no coal, no iron, no timber—none of the raw materials with which modern industry is fed. The Jordan River supplies a certain amount of electricity, but its capacities are very limited and the cost of production is excessive. The only important natural resources are the chemicals of the Dead Sea, for which a British-Jewish company now holds a concession.

The industry so far developed by the Jews, though unprecedented for the Near East, is small-scale industry serving mainly the local Jewish market. Its index of production has risen from 100 in 1920 to 380 in 1935, and it is giving employment to about 30,000 workers. About $40,000,000 is now invested in industry, compared to about $12,000,000 in 1930. Consumption of electricity increased from 8,707,917 kilowatt hours in 1931 to 34,385,515 kilowatt hours three years later. But this rate of development, while revealing tremendous progress in a short time, cannot be maintained in the future. In fact, it would appear that most of the industries have already reached the peak of development. It is certain, at least, that an industrial slump has set in, although at least $100,000,000 in local banks is awaiting productive investment. Nearly all the factories now in existence have had extremely checkered careers. The large Nesher cement factory, the Lodgia knitting mills, the chocolate factory, and the sole iron foundry in the country went bankrupt and were reorganized by creditors at a quarter of the original investment.

The only factories which have had even a moderate success are those connected with construction and those dependent upon raw material locally available. The tremendous immigration of the last few years has caused an exceptional boom in the building trade and has given employment to tens of thousands. But this cannot continue indefinitely; a serious slump has already set in. The healthiest industry is citrus-growing, and the area under cultivation can probably be doubled. This will make room for a few thousand families. But markets have first to be found for the excellent Palestinian oranges; this is not easy, and land prices will have to go down before citrus-growing becomes profitable again. A number of canning and preserving establishments have fared well. And that is all.

If this review of Palestine industry is somewhat disappointing, the fault is with the Zionist ballyhoo that has surrounded it. Palestine has been a very costly venture for the Jewish people. Between $600,000,000 and $750,000,000 has been invested in this desert during the last quarter of a century. That is a lot of money. The life of the Jewish worker is not easy, and the wages of Arabs, even in government work, are about half those of Jews. Wages of $25 a month for men and $15 for women are above the average for Jews. Prices are high; food costs here from two to three times as much as in the United States, and rent is as high as in New York City. Thousands of employed workers live on a pound of bread and a few uncooked vegetables each day. Very few know the meaning of steady employment; the vast majority come at least once a week to the union office in search of work. The much-advertised prosperity of the last two years was due entirely to a vast influx of capitalist immigrants, who did not know what to do with their money, and to land speculation. Land prices rocketed sky-high, and by transferring unpaid-for land from one buyer to another everybody thought that he was making money.

Faced with the country's inherent industrial limitations, the Zionists have tried to save every available job for Jewish immigrants. Not out of wickedness did the system of *kibush avodah,* "conquest of work," arise, but out of strictly economic and political considerations. Zionists do not like to picket establishments employing Arabs, and it is not hatred that drives them to eject, often violently, Arab laborers from their places of employment. One of the leaders of the Jerusalem Federation of Jewish Labor once put their case very clearly:

> Jewish capital has created here new sources of employment. And there is no lack of workers here and in the neighboring countries. It will take years and years, in fact, to abolish the tremendous unemployment in this part of the world. The native workers are cheap; their standard of living is so low that the Jewish worker cannot possibly compete with them. The tendency of the capitalist is therefore to hire cheap, unorganized native laborers. But we are not building the country either as a refuge for Jewish capitalists or to provide work for unemployed Arabs. We want here a large Jewish population, which means Jewish workers, and this we can achieve only by safeguarding every Jewish-created place of work for Jewish workers. We do not want to place Jewish workers in Arab enterprises, but we will fight to the last for every Jewish-created job.

While the Zionists are right from their point of view, the Arab worker who has been expelled from his job by Histadruth pickets does not become friendlier to Zionism. No doubt *kibush avodah* is responsible to a large extent for the latest disturbances. One of the first Arabs I met when I came here more than a year ago was a doctor who spoke bitterly against Zionism. I enumerated to him the blessings the Zionists have conferred on them. "Who denies it?" he replied. "But do they do it because they have our interests at heart or because they want to bribe us to keep quiet as long as they are the minority? Even now they are trying to push us out of our jobs to make room for additional immigrants. Do you know that not a day passes without *Davar* campaigning for '100 per cent pure Jewish labor' in all Jewish enterprises? Here" —and from his drawer he pulled out a pack of clippings —"here are some of the items *Davar* has published during the last few days. On October 26 it came out with an editorial asking the government why no Jewish laborers were employed in building the new military airport at Lydda; in Petakh-Tikvah [the largest Jewish village] the efforts of the Histadruth to conquer for the Jewish worker a place in agriculture have borne fruit, and letters have been sent to Jewish orange-grove owners demanding the employment of pure Jewish labor. The following day *Davar* reported a battle between Histadruth pickets and the Arab laborers, and *Davar* could not understand 'why

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the government had to warn the Histadruth leaders against disturbing the peace.' In a front-page editorial on the same day it declared, 'The attempt to smuggle in Arab laborers at Ranaana . . . has indeed been nipped in the bud successfully, but only after our workers lost time and strength, after arrests and trials!' I cannot find the clippings for the following three days," he continued, "though I am certain that I had some, but on October 31, under the heading 'Juice from Jewish Fruit,' it took up the gauntlet and went into raptures about kiosk owners who decided 'to use for their juices fruit from groves employing Jewish labor only.' On the following day the paper reported the arrest of two members of the communistic settlement 'Makhar' for driving Arab workers from a Jewish grove against the wishes of the owner."

Can Palestine's industry be developed sufficiently to absorb new immigrants? That is the central question. The answer is that millions of immigrants cannot be absorbed; thousands can. Industries depending on locally grown fruit—that is, industries in which labor plays a paramount role in creating values—can be further developed. So far Palestine industry has not been able to compete on the foreign market. Industrial exports have hardly increased during the last ten years. The growing antagonism of the surrounding Arab countries to Zionism does not help Palestine industry to capture the vast Arab hinterland. In fact, the Arabs have launched a boycott which is very much felt. Also industry is developing in neighboring countries in which even lower wages prevail. And it should not be forgotten that Palestine is already one of the most densely populated countries in the world. Argentina has a population of 3.6 persons per square kilometer, Canada 1.5, Australia 0.8, New Zealand 0.5. In Palestine there are 85 persons to each square kilometer! Even highly industrialized Europe does not have such density: France has a population of 73 to every square kilometer, Poland 70, Austria 78, Rumania 58. The United States has 15.

The present population of Palestine is around 1,300,000, of which 950,000 are Arabs and about 400,000 are Jews. Unless science discovers a method of making butter from sunshine and bread from rocks, the saturation point will soon be reached. I know of no reputable economist who believes that the country can support many more than 3,000,000 souls, while some put the figure considerably below that maximum. The Arab population, though the death-rate is very high, increases at the rate of 27 per 1,000; it has increased by about 32 per cent in the last fourteen years. At this rate of increase there will be about 1,000,000 Arabs by 1955. At best, then, there is little hope for a significant Jewish majority. Even if all political barriers were removed, and immigration unrestricted, it is likely that during the next twenty years about a million Jews would immigrate, bringing the total population of Palestine to about 3,000,000. This, I am convinced, is the most optimistic prognosis that can be made.

[*This is the first of two articles by Mr. Viton. They will be followed by a discussion of the Zionist position by Philip S. Bernstein and by a group of letters representing various points of view.*]

Missouri's Boss Pendergast

BY IRVING DILLIARD

THE most powerful personality in Missouri politics has lately retired in favor of his nephew, but the retirement will not be a renunciation of power, for Boss Tom Pendergast will still be consulted in all matters affecting the machine. Before the election Pendergast lay critically ill in New York with a grave heart ailment brought on by "excessive work." Newspapers in St. Louis, Kansas City, and other Missouri cities and towns carried frequent front-page reports of the sick man's condition and the prospects for his recovery. The reason for this widespread concern over the health of Thomas Joseph Pendergast of Kansas City is known to every Missourian and to many followers of contemporary politics outside the Show Me State. For Mr. Pendergast is much more than a citizen of Kansas City who engages in the ready-mixed cement and wholesale-liquor businesses. Whatever changes his "retirement" may make, he has been for years the all-powerful Democratic boss of Jackson County, and his sway over the party of Cleveland and Wilson lately became state wide. Since Missouri has been heavily Democratic in recent years, this means that he now pulls the strings of a sovereign commonwealth known for such diverse public men as Thomas Hart Benton and Francis P. Blair, Carl Schurz and George Graham Vest (eulogizer of the dog), Champ Clark and William Joel Stone, James A. Reed and John J. Cochran. Pendergast is or was—for his illness has considerably reduced his heft of 240 pounds—a roly-poly, ruddy-faced man. Bright blue eyes look out positively from a large head which is joined to a prize fighter's shoulders by a short, muscular neck. Sandy hair that is growing gray and thin is a reminder that he is well along in his sixty-fifth year. He has a heavy voice which emphasizes his plain, direct manner of speaking and his simple, ready answers to questions. He wears well-made clothes that run somewhat above the subdued in tone.

Absorbed as Boss Tom has been in the development of his essentially local political machine, he has managed none the less to keep abreast of the times. He may be a ruthless spoilsman; he is no ignoramus. Michael Pendergast, his Tipperary-born father, drove a team for a dry-goods store in St. Joseph, Missouri, where the future political boss was born, but the boy went to what was then the Christian Brothers' College in St. Joseph and to

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St. Mary's College in nearby Kansas, where he upheld the school name in sports. He might have been a baseball player of renown, for he rejected a contract as a professional. His conversation can reflect a substantial reading in current affairs. His hobby, however, is horse racing, and as owner of a stable of blooded horses he has regularly attended the Kentucky Derby and other race meets.

Pendergast was Street Commissioner when James A. Reed, later Senator, was Mayor of Kansas City and about the turn of the century he served a short term as Marshal of Jackson County. Still later he was an alderman. But all that was in the long ago—before Pendergast really got into politics. Some political bosses like the limelight. Pendergast is not that sort. At the Democratic convention in Philadelphia he was out of the public view in a New York hotel. It is true that he was not well at the time, but the fact remains that he cares nothing for public notice. When reporters sought him out on his return from Europe on the first crossing of the Normandie he protested bluntly: "I am not a national figure and I never want to be. I can't see what all this fuss is about."

Pendergast built his organization on the proved machine principle of personal favors. As he has expressed it, his method was to function year in and year out, not to wait until three weeks before election. The Pendergast headquarters are in the Jackson County Democratic Club, the Kansas City counterpart of Tammany Hall. People go to the ordinary two-story brick building at 1908 Main Street for a load of coal, an order of groceries, or clothes. They go to get jobs, to get streets repaired, or to keep them from being repaired. They go with a complaint about taxes or a policeman. They go to have domestic troubles straightened out. They are never turned away without the satisfaction of an answer and, whenever possible, of a promise that will be kept. For years Pendergast rose at five in the morning in order to be at his roll-top desk on the second floor at six, ready and eager to meet the morning's run of callers. As many as 400 individuals have climbed the stairs by noon to ask him to do something for them. More than four years ago the Kansas City *Star* described the Pendergast organization as more powerful than Tammany, "proportionately speaking."

Pendergast did not launch the organization which he came to head, but he extended it far beyond the most roseate expectations of his older brother, James, who was the founder. The Pendergast boys ran a saloon on Kansas City's lower Main Street in the 90's and, as was frequently the case in those days, began to mix in politics on the side. James was elected alderman and in time set himself up as controller of the riverfront First Ward. When James died, Tom took over his organization and succeeded him on the City Council. Joseph B. Shannon, now the leading Jeffersonian orator in Congress, was then the most influential politician of the city. But it was not long before Pendergast's "goats" were contesting with Shannon's "rabbits" in primaries, and the challenger had begun to enlarge his operations so as to include the residential sections of the city as well as the riverfront.

From 1912 on Boss Tom has been a factor in Democratic politics in Missouri, but the state as a whole did not come to know him until four years ago. With one of his old local rivals, Shannon, happily shelved in the national House of Representatives, and the other, the late Casimir Welch, at last won over, the portly boss was in complete control in Kansas City. His patronage powers had grown greater under the city charter of 1922, thanks to the omission of any reference to civil service. Still other patronage fell into his hands when a ruling of the Missouri Supreme Court ended state control of the Kansas City Police Department. But his greatest stroke of good fortune came in 1932 when it was necessary to nominate and elect candidates for the national House of Representatives in a general vote of the entire state. On the basis of the 1930 census the Missouri delegation in the House was reduced from sixteen to thirteen members. Consequently a redistricting was in order. The legislature and the Republican Governor disagreed on a bill, with the result that none was passed for the 1932 primary and election. All candidates therefore, though they were perhaps known only locally, were forced to undergo the test of a statewide vote, and the bloc of more than 100,000 votes which Boss Tom controlled was eagerly sought after. Only one Congressional candidate supported by Pendergast failed to be chosen. Four Democratic incumbents who did not have his backing were defeated for renomination.

Pendergast's candidate for the Senatorial nomination that year, Charles Howell of Kansas City, lost the nomination to Bennett Champ Clark, son of the late Speaker of the House and one of the organizers of the American Legion, but the boss's choice for Governor, Francis Wilson, a party veteran, won easily in the primary over a promising state senator, Russell Dearmont, who raised the issue of political dictatorship. A few days before the election Wilson died, and the Democratic State Committee, working behind closed doors and under Pendergast's control, picked an obscure circuit judge from the Pendergast section, Guy B. Park, to fill the vacancy on the ticket. With Missouri joining in the revulsion against the Republicans in 1932, the hand-picked candidate went into the governor's seat with a sweep.

Two years after he placed Park at the head of the state government, Pendergast picked a United States Senator in a manner not likely to inspire confidence in our democratic institutions. One of the minor cogs in his machine, Harry S. Truman, grew restless as County Judge of Jackson County and made up his mind that he would like to be county Collector of Taxes, an office which paid handsomely on a fee basis. Boss Tom had other plans for the collectorship, but the nomination for United States Senator was open so far as he was concerned. So he sent the machine down the line for Truman to give him a plurality of 130,000 in Kansas City, with the result that the virtually unknown candidate won out in the statewide contest over two veteran Congressmen, John J. Cochran and Jacob L. Milligan, the latter supported by Senator Clark. The subsequent election was only a formality, Truman defeating the archaic Roscoe Conkling Patterson by 260,000. Thanks to T. J. Pendergast, Harry S. Truman does not collect taxes in Jackson County but sits in "the greatest deliberative

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body in the world," charged with such responsibilities as voting on treaties with other nations and appointments to the United States Supreme Court. In the same year Pendergast put another unknown candidate in the primary against the able and thoroughly experienced state Superintendent of Schools, Charles A. Lee. Notwithstanding his satisfactory service, Lee was defeated.

Pendergast was barred from active work in the recent campaign by his physicians. Back in Kansas City after a long sojourn in New York, he is reported to be improving slowly. But even when he was ill, the machine was in perfect running order. When the primary was held in August, Pendergast was flat on his back in New York. Yet his candidate for Governor, Major Lloyd C. Stark, of the self-styled "world's greatest family of nurserymen," far outdistanced the other Democratic candidate, William Hirth, long president of the Missouri Farmers' Association. And Stark was elected by a tremendous vote.

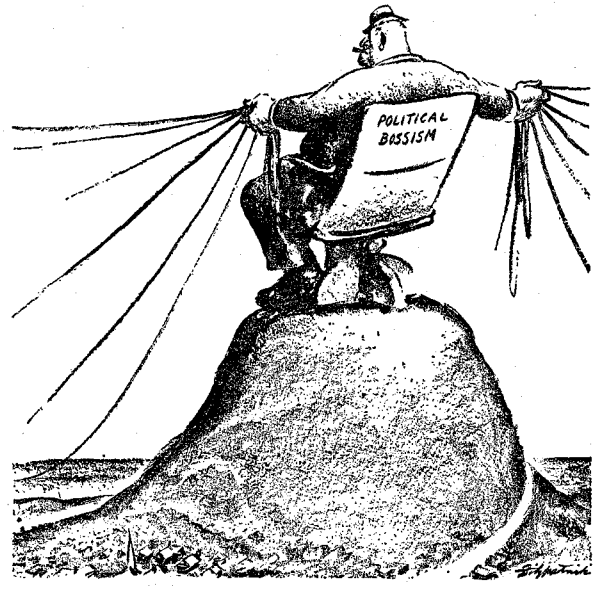
The accusations made against him in the election campaign are old stuff to Boss Tom. Newspapers and reform candidates have been after him election after election. Such movements never worry him. His procedure has been to register all possible voters and get them to the polls on Election Day. How intensively the Pendergast organization cultivates Kansas City can be judged from the recent registration of more than 263,000 in a population which in 1930 numbered 399,000. These figures mean that approximately two out of every three human beings are listed as eligible to vote. Baltimore, with a population of nearly 805,000 at the last census, enrolled only 373,700 voters at its last registration—less than half the population. There is a strong suspicion that an investigation of registration and voting in Kansas City such as St. Louis has been undergoing would reveal shocking irregularities. It is no secret that Pendergast's henchmen in the state senate have steadfastly stood in the way of a permanent registration law which would improve the election machinery.

A fifth federal judgeship in Missouri, created by the last Congress, will be filled one of these days. As long ago as last June Pendergast gave out the names of his first, second, and third choices, namely, James P. Aylward, a successful Kansas City lawyer, Circuit Judge Daniel E. Bird of Kansas City, and Governor Park. There can be no question as to the real reason for Boss Tom's support of Aylward. It is not any knowledge Aylward may have of the law; it is his loyal work as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, as Democratic national committeeman for Missouri, and as chairman of the Democratic County Committee for Jackson County. This is the Pendergast way.

Boss Tom believes in loyalty. When he gives his word he keeps it, and he expects the same of others. There is the amusing case of the Brickey brothers. The one who lives in Festus, Missouri, fought James A. Reed for reelection in 1922; the other, a resident of Boonville, supported Reed that year. When the Festus Brickey asked Pendergast to support him for the nomination for Lieutenant Governor in 1928 the boss wired Reed. Reed thought Pendergast was inquiring about the Boonville Brickey and replied that the applicant had supported him in 1922. On the basis of this information Pendergast pledged his support to the Festus Brickey. When Boss Tom found out that he was behind a candidate who had opposed Reed with all his strength, he was chagrined but resolute. "I told Brickey I would be for him and I will go through with it," he said. And he did.

One of the complaints about Pendergast in Kansas City is that he has linked his business enterprises with politics to reap a double profit. The boss has taken no public notice of this complaint, but to friends he has said that he has just as much right to sell ready-mixed concrete to the city and engage in other city contracting as any other business man if his bids are low and his materials stand the test. His wholesale liquor business was flourishing when prohibition became effective. Believing that the ban on alcoholics would not last, he kept thousands of barrels in government warehouses, and as soon as the Missouri dry law was repealed, revived his distributing company. Soon after the company began operations again, Federal Judge Reeves at Kansas City ordered the United States Marshal to seize some 900 cases of whiskey in Pendergast's warehouse on the ground that it was adulterated and misbranded and failed to meet pure-food-and-drug tests. The boss's warehouse manager said the adulteration had been discovered before the court order and that preparations were being made then to return the whiskey to a Kentucky distillery. Pendergast himself has been almost an abstainer for years.

The Missouri dictator took part in the conference of Democratic bosses held in conjunction with the Democratic national convention, but the convention itself was little more than a big show to him. Not that he disapproved of the ballyhoo and demonstrations. He looks on such tomfoolery as entertainment for the politicians and their constituents. But the real work, as he long has known, has to be done back home in the precincts.



Boss Pendergast—He Still Holds On
Courtesy St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

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Let the Mexicans Organize!

BY FRANK STOKES

Kickapoo Ranch, Covina, California

CALIFORNIA citrus-fruit growers have joined the legions of the exploiters of labor. They have taken over at the same time the whole vicious machinery of vigilantes, strike-breakers, night riders, tear gas, and prejudiced newspapers. This appears strange considering that there was a time when these citrus-fruit growers themselves were so sorely oppressed that they were driven to create one of the first, and certainly one of the greatest, cooperative organizations ever formed by tillers of the soil. Because they were being exploited and robbed by brokers and shippers, the California citrus farmers were forced to organize or perish. Their object was to obtain a greater return for their sweat and labor. Yet now they are determined that others shall not be permitted to organize for the same purpose.

Oppression was the father and desperation the mother of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. It has become a mighty organization with 13,500 grower members. There are in California approximately 309,000 citrus-growing acres valued at close to $618,000,000, and more than 75 per cent of this acreage and value are represented in the exchange. Its headquarters are in the new Sun-Kist building, which it owns, in the city of Los Angeles. All this is the result of the banding together of an exploited group of citrus-fruit growers. It is this group which recently crushed ruthlessly an attempt by Mexican workers to organize a union of citrus-fruit pickers.

The Mexican is to agricultural California what the Negro is to the medieval South. His treatment by the vegetable growers of the Imperial Valley is well known. What has happened to him in the San Joaquin has likewise been told. But for a time at least it appeared that the "citrus belt" was different. Then came the strike of the Mexican fruit pickers in Orange County. In its wake came the vigilantes, the night riders, the strike-breakers, the reporters whose job it was to "slant" all stories in favor of packers and grove owners. There followed the State Motor Patrol, which for the first time in the history of strike disorders in California set up a portable radio broadcasting station "in a secret place" in the strike area "to direct law-and-order activities." And special deputy badges blossomed as thick as Roosevelt buttons in the recent campaign.

Sheriff Jackson declared bravely: "It was the strikers themselves who drew first blood so from now on we will meet them on that basis." "This is no fight," said he, "between orchardists and pickers. It is a fight between the entire population of Orange County and a bunch of Communists." However, dozens and dozens of non-Communist Mexican fruit pickers were jailed; 116 were arrested en masse while traveling in automobiles along the highway. They were charged with riot and placed under bail of $500 each. Twice their preliminary hearing was delayed on motion of the district attorney. After fifteen days in jail the hearing was finally held—and the state's witnesses were able to identify only one person as having taken part in trouble occurring on the Charles Wagner ranch. Judge Ames of the Superior Court ordered the release of all but the one identified prisoner and severely criticized the authorities for holding the Mexicans in jail for so long a time when they must have known it would not be possible to identify even a small proportion of the prisoners.

For weeks during the strike newspaper stories described the brave stand taken by "law-abiding citizens." These stories were adorned with such headlines as "Vigilantes Battle Citrus Strikers in War on Reds." During all this time, so far as I know, only one paper—the Los Angeles *Evening News*—defended the fruit pickers. In an editorial the *News* said:

> Be it known that the "heroic band of vigilantes," twenty-eight in number, who last Friday with clubs and tear-gas bombs stole up on a peaceful meeting of 150 Mexican fruit pickers in Placentia, fell upon the dumbfounded workers without warning, smashed jaws and cracked heads, dispersed the group save for one striker smashed into unconsciousness and left lying on the ground, were exactly this:
>
> Twenty-eight Los Angeles bums, recruited from streets and beer-halls through a detective agency and paid eight dollars a day by the citrus growers to foment violence and terrorize the striking Mexican pickers.

I have not mentioned all the iniquities perpetrated upon these humble, exploited Mexicans by citrus-grove owners and packing-house operators along with their various aides-de-camp. I have mentioned only enough to show that in this respect the strike was exactly like all other strikes. What differentiates it is the fact that the strike was directed against an employing group that knows what it is to be exploited, against an employing group that has carried cooperation to the highest degree of perfection.

These Mexicans were asking for a well-deserved wage increase and free transportation to and from the widely scattered groves; they also asked that tools be furnished by the employers. Finally they asked recognition of their newly formed union. Recognition of the Mexican laboring man's union, his cooperative organization formed in order that he might obtain a little more for his commodity, which is labor—here was the crucial point. The growers and packers agreed to furnish tools; they agreed to furnish transportation to and from the groves. They even agreed to a slight wage increase, which still left the

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workers underpaid. But recognition of the Mexican workers' union? Never!

I have been an orange grower and a member of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange for twenty years. I have also had connections with other types of ranching less efficiently organized or not organized at all. Only in the citrus business is the producer free of all selling worries. My job is merely to grow the fruit. The exchange picks it, packs it, pools it, according to grade, with the fruit of other members, ships it, sells it, and sends me the proceeds. I have often borrowed money from my packing house, secured by my crop, thereby saving interest at the bank. Through the Fruit Growers' Supply Company (owned and operated by the associations within the exchange system) I can buy automobile tires or radios, shotguns or fertilizer, generally at a very substantial discount. I can pay for it at the end of the season.

The Fruit Growers' Supply Company provides other benefits. Because the company owns vast acres of timber and its lumber mill at Susanville, my fruit is shipped in containers furnished at cost. More than one hundred million feet of lumber are required each year for the making of exchange box shook. Cooperation even extends to the maintenance of a group of pest-control experts whose services are free to exchange members. In many other ways the citrus-fruit growers of California have profited by cooperation. I irrigate my orchard with water delivered by a non-profit combination of growers. My trees are sprayed or fumigated by a non-profit partnership. Because of cooperation I can sleep through the winter nights or until a voice on the telephone informs me that my thermometers have dropped to the danger point.

One would think that California citrus people, at least those belonging to the exchange, would not be adverse to organization by others, especially since the directors of the Fruit Exchange at a meeting held on December 4, 1935 (only a few months before the strike), voted substantial salary increases in the higher brackets. The general manager's salary was increased from $18,000 to $22,000 yearly; the general sales manager's "wages" were raised from $16,200 to $18,000; and the advertising manager's "pay envelope" contained an additional thousand, or a total of $10,000.

It has been said in defense of the exchange that it should not be blamed for the trouble in Orange County, for, as Sheriff Jackson stated, "the entire population of Orange County" was opposed to the Mexican fruit pickers. Nevertheless, more than three-fourths of all citrus growers are steadfast cooperators. If these cooperators had raised their voices to protest against the unjust treatment of the Mexicans, the affair might have ended with honor to us all.

The fact is, however, that Jack Prizer, manager of an exchange packing house in Orange County and a member of the exchange board of directors (the very same board that voted substantial increases in salaries at the top), was one of those most active in crushing the strike. The entire population of Orange County did seem to oppose the strikers, with the exception of Judge H. C. Ames, who dared to go against intense public opinion.

During the strike I made several excursions into Orange County. I found scab pickers, often high-school boys, "gloming" the "golden fruit" in the beautiful California sunshine, while mocking birds sang on the house-tops, snow-covered Mount Baldy glistened in the distance—and armed guards patrolled the groves behind long rows of "no trespassing" signs. Trucks came to the groves with empty boxes and went away with full ones—trucks with rifle barrels protruding from their cabs. Men in uniforms, mounted on motorcycles, dashed back and forth. Sirens screaming, everybody jittery, everybody damning the reds—and the Mexicans!

One day I decided to have a look at the record of the Covina (Los Angeles County) packing house through which my fruit is shipped. I learned that during the boom period of 1928-29, from the middle of December to the ninth of the following October, Francisco Lopez, our top picker, was called to labor 225 days. He only missed two possible working days in those eleven months. For that period he earned $830.41. And this man is with his clippers what Kreisler is with a violin.

During the season of 1934-35, Francisco Lopez, still a "top hand," earned only $637.44. The yearly income of the other pickers ranged from this figure down to starvation wages. And most of these men have families. Also, it must be remembered that conditions in the San Gabriel Valley are far better than in many other places.

I have said that the Mexicans are to agricultural California what the Negro is to the medieval South, exploited and despised. Before the day of the CCC camps Spanish was the language most frequently heard on every mountain fire-line; and those Spanish-speaking people were taken to the fires by force, even though the burning mountains, with their high peaks stopping rain clouds and their dense brush storing water, were vastly more important to white men than to Mexicans. Towns and cities, farms and orchards, valley springs and deep sunk wells, all depend upon those mountains.

Not only in the fields are the Mexican people exploited. Not only as earners but as buyers they are looked upon as legitimate prey—for old washing machines that will not clean clothes, for old automobiles that wheeze and let down, for woolen blankets made of cotton, for last season's shop-worn wearing apparel. Gathered in villages composed of rough board shanties, or drifting with the seasons from the vegetable fields of the Imperial Valley to the grape vineyards of the San Joaquin, wherever they go it is the same old, pathetic story. Cheap labor!

Usually these people are patient and yielding. But occasionally a leader appears—he is always said to be a Communist—and then they rise up in their righteous wrath and strike. They struck in the Imperial Valley—and they lost. They struck in that glorious land north of the Tehachapi—and again they lost. They lost because of tear-gas bombs, special deputies, and unfriendly newspapers. Lastly, they struck in Orange County. And once more they have lost.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

RETURNING to my office recently after several days' absence I found my desk covered with calls for aid from every kind of organization. Every one of them appealed to my sympathies, for each represented a worthy cause. All were couched in moving language, and not a single one failed to state that the existing emergency was great and that if help was not forthcoming immediately the work must cease or be gravely hindered. There was a telegram as well as a letter from the American League Against War and Fascism stating that the emergency situation "requires immediate response to Dr. Harry Ward's letter regarding funds. . . . Vital work for Spanish democracy hangs on keeping our organization going." There was an appeal from the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, of which Bishop Paddock is the able head. From Helen Eklund and the Friends of Spain came an invitation to lunch, which meant, I suppose, a call for more aid for Spain. The Women's Peace Union begged me to "stick something into this rather tragically empty envelope." The People's Mandate to Governments to End War declared that a contribution "would help us immeasurably to take advantage of a great opportunity to make a real advance toward peace." From Reinhold Niebuhr came a plea for the Committee on Economic and Racial Justice pinned to one from the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, and there was another from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Of course the anti-Nazi movements were well represented, notably the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. Freda Kirchwey wrote in behalf of Angelo Herndon, and Edward Kern for the New Film Alliance; Benjamin Marsh put in a word for an old friend, the People's Lobby, Tucker Smith doing the same for the Brookwood School, while the National Civil Service Reform League did not forget me. Nor did the American Association for Social Security, over the signature of the indefatigable Abraham Epstein. The Foreign Language Information Service wrote: "Please do not fail. However small the contribution you can send, it will bring both the moral and the practical assistance that we need." The National Child Labor Committee was of course represented, and there was a new one begging for the Debs Labor School. As for local charities and philanthropies, there were the Children's Aid Society, the Workers' Defense, the Charity Organization Society, a hospital, the Citizens' Union, the American Civil Liberties Union, a cancer committee, and the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born. Finally I must not omit the National Student Federation and the Milwaukee *Leader* Sustaining Fund.

Now this sort of thing has been going on for years, but it seems to me that never have so many begging letters come to my office and to my home. I am not exceptional, I am sure. Anybody whose name appears in a list of contributors to any organization immediately becomes the target of every other. It would be, of course, impossible to give to one-third, even if one were a multimillionaire. The result is that those friends whose appeals are not answered feel hurt and think me stingy, especially if they happen to remember that they once responded to some of the appeals I have myself sent out in the course of a long begging career. It all raises the question of what is going to happen to our philanthropies and charities. Many of them could be ended if the government did some of the jobs it ought to do, if our courts of justice functioned, if our officials, state and national, lived up to their oaths of office, if our whole economic system were revised. But that is a long, long way off, and what is worrying people who have to raise these large sums is where the money is to be found. They fear that even with the return of prosperity people will not be as generous as formerly, but in view of the prophesied coming of a worse depression within five years, will insist on putting by as much as possible or living up to their income fully, and refuse to give to charity.

Meanwhile there could be, of course, a tremendous improvement effected by the amalgamation of numerous activities. There are at least six or eight anti-fascist and anti-Nazi organizations all appealing to the same people for help. There should be one strong and powerful one, including within its activities the special fields of propaganda, relief for refugees, care of scholars and exiles, and so on. There must be at least three or four pro-Spanish organizations by this time where there should be but one, and so it goes. This, too, is not a new problem. Many other people for years past have called attention to the duplication of philanthropic effort. But surely there is a limit to the amount of private benevolence; surely the state must be driven to do more and more for the wrecks of our capitalist system, for the undernourished, the overworked, the child victims of the machine, the hapless prisoners of a blind justice and wilfully blind officials.

The managing editor of The New York *Times,* Edwin L. James, has kindly called my attention to the fact that in my Issues and Men of November 21 I misstated some circulation figures which I received over the telephone. Instead of the *Times* having a daily circulation on October 1, 1936, of 460,054, I should have said 482,429. Its Sunday circulation averaged for the six months 737,475, which made an average figure for Sunday and week days of 518,665. I am glad to make this correction.

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BROUN'S PAGE

The Hearst Two Shillings

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD raised some interesting points in *The Nation* last week in regard to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Boettiger. Mr. Villard finds it tragic that the son-in-law of President Roosevelt should take the job of publisher of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. Any discussion of the ethical issues involved must depend upon some definition of the premises. If I reduce Mr. Villard's argument to its logical conclusion I think I have a right to say that in effect he is contending that nobody should work for Hearst. And yet I imagine that for some practical considerations this would not be an altogether desirable situation. I can hardly blind myself to the fact that a complete and successful boycott of William Randolph Hearst would mean that thousands of people would be thrown out of work, including some of the most useful members of the American Newspaper Guild.

The *P.-I.* unit frankly hailed Boettiger's appointment with joy. To that extent at any rate the young man has done a Boy Scout deed. And I think that Mr. Villard is a little less than fair in saying, "There is nothing whatsoever in Mr. Boettiger's record which would warrant his appointment by Mr. Hearst to the important position of manager of the *Post-Intelligencer* if Mr. Boettiger had married anybody other than Anna Roosevelt Dall."

Now I will admit that Mr. Villard knows and that I know and that probably Mr. Hearst knows that the appointment was one dictated by newspaper political strategy. But it is possible that Mr. Boettiger doesn't know. Or even if he does he would have the right to say, "Mr. Hearst may be giving me this chance because I'm the President's son-in-law, but I'm a good newspaperman in my own right and on this job I can prove that I'm my own man and not either Mr. Hearst's or Mr. Roosevelt's."

It seems to me that Mr. Villard stresses too much the fact that Boettiger's experience has been entirely reportorial and that therefore there is something very strange in his being jumped into the job of publisher. In the first place, the *P.-I.* post does not seem a particular plum at the moment. During the course of the strike Mr. Hearst was quoted on several occasions as saying that the paper had not been a money-maker and that he was thankful to the guild for shutting it down. Moreover, the practice of taking a good reporter and sending him out to take charge of a chain paper is not in the least unusual. It has been done in the Scripps-Howard organization many times.

But this debate may well go on a little beyond the problem of how close a relative is a son-in-law. I have written a good many columns against Hearst and made speeches too. Probably I shall do so again, although I have no desire to rake up old criticisms at a time when Mr. Hearst seems to be sitting, rather perkily to be sure, on the mourners' bench. However, there is a real danger in using any single publisher as a horrible example.

I have heard the view expressed that it was a mistake for a commentator to go into hot and heavy criticism of Hearst because, as the advice ran, "It only serves to advertise him." That never seemed very pertinent counsel so far as I, personally, was concerned. Mr. Hearst is a very good advertiser himself, and I have not felt that I could add very much to his publicity for good or ill. But when a number of commentators and publicists seize upon William Randolph Hearst, or any other single newspaper owner, and begin to belabor him, they not only advertise but compliment the other members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Save in a few instances such compliments are not deserved.

I believe it would be wholly unfair to say now that Hearst is the guild's Enemy No. 1. A few months ago he announced that his attitude toward the guild was precisely the same as that of Scripps-Howard. At the time he claimed too much. Unfortunately Mr. Howard was out of the country on Election Day and may not have had an opportunity yet to study the returns quite as closely as Mr. Hearst seems to have done.

The working newspaperman in this country is somewhat limited in his field of choice. Jobs are scarce, and should he be asked to starve until he finds a paper which in every way lives up to his own journalistic ideals? I think not. After all, if he did find such a paper he would undoubtedly discover that every other newspaperman in the country wanted to be on it, too, and that the waiting list was one mile long. I do not think that this side of starvation any newspaperman should stick to a job where he is personally called upon to do things which seem to him dirty and despicable. But I must admit that I would be frankly puzzled by a baseball writer who came to me and said, "Heywood, I think I'll have to give up my job because the boss is printing such vicious editorials about the League of Nations."

I don't think I'm cynical. He hasn't asked me recently, but I would not work for Hearst. I almost did once and I think the reason I sheered off may have been less an ethical urge than a sense of fear. I was afraid of being swallowed up. I will admit that the subject is academic on both sides because if I worked for Hearst we would both look like plain fools.

But all this depends on a special set of circumstances. I hope I'm idealistic. I would like to see a permanent newspaper or a chain of newspapers run cooperatively by newspapermen for newspapermen. But as things stand now, most publishers are pretty gray in the dark and a Boettiger should be pardoned if he doesn't look a gift contract in the mouth.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE" was a phrase conceived in irritation and adopted as a slogan by men more anxious to startle than to explain. It was directed at the Philistine (Victorian model), and it was not ill suited to the moment which gave it currency. Taken out of its context the phrase is, however, dangerously near to nonsense, and it is a pity that so flip a formula should have become fixed as the accepted designation of an aesthetic doctrine much more persistent and much more meaningful than the formula suggests. The curse of eighteen-ninetyism is heavy upon it, and nothing could be more unfortunate when the enemy happens to be not the Victorian bourgeoisie but the grimmer utilitarians of this sociological age.

One might, I suppose, attempt a rehabilitation through formal definitions of art and its function, but in a companion volume* to his "Literature and Society" Professor Albert Guérard has chosen a method possibly more effective and undoubtedly more entertaining. Even he, I think, gives the paradoxes and perversities of fin-de-siècleism rather more prominence than they deserve, but in what is really a long and witty essay he passes in review the various forms assumed by the artist's protest against the world and by the inner conflicts between his own standards of value and his own motives for writing. One may, if one likes, attempt to formulate the whole thing in terms of Hebraism versus Hellenism—even though, as Professor Guérard is well aware, the Hellenes themselves were very imperfect and hesitant Hellenists. But that formula is almost too general, and there remain related questions like the question of what a writer writes for—money, fame, or "art." And even writing "for art's sake" assumes various forms. Sometimes it implies poetic ecstasy; sometimes it means no more than writing for the sake of Ciceronian correctness or Gongoresque ingenuity. And the same sort of thing may be said of the worship of beauty versus the worship of utility. Utility may mean high morality, political or religious dogma, or merely the rules of prudence. The worship of beauty may imply the doctrine that the Good is Beautiful and the Beautiful Good; but it may also imply no more than the rather childish diabolism of the eighteen-ninety aesthetes or the artist's claim to the right of bohemian living.

Professor Guérard offers no simple solution of all the problems he suggests and arrives at no dogma. But thanks to an astonishingly wide familiarity with world literature and to a genial, common-sense mind he is able to explore the field both thoroughly and wittily. And what he concludes is this: Great writing has not usually been purely "for art's sake," and great writers have not usually proclaimed any purely aesthetic doctrine. Among the motives of these same great writers there is, on the other hand, something which is neither the desire for fame, the desire for money, nor the determination to advance any moral or social good. And in this same great writing there is usually something besides doctrine on the one hand and mere craftsmanship on the other. When everything else has been analyzed out of the writer or the writing, there is a residue which remains, and that residue represents whatever substance there is in the conception of art for art's sake.

Dickens and Thackeray, to take difficult cases, were determined to supply a salable commodity, and both were interested in sound conventional morality; but the two things together do not exhaust the list of their motives. Milton was pious and desired to exalt the glory of God; but Milton toyed with the idea of a pagan subject for his epic and chose as he did choose at least as much because he perceived the artistic advantage of a legend drawn from his own culture as because the story of Adam and Eve was a more edifying story. The artist becomes more aware of the claims of art as opposed to the claims of one or another kind of utility when a conflict between the aims—whether it be a conflict between art and salability or a conflict between art and morality—becomes, for one reason or another, acute. But the conflict is always there even when it is solved by harmonizing the two aims.

Said Paul Valéry, "The most manifest characteristic of a work of art may be termed *uselessness*," and this phrase seemed to trouble Professor Guérard a good deal because it seems inevitably to suggest some sort of dilettantism. Yet no one is shocked by the statement that "virtue is its own reward," and I humbly suggest that to say that is the equivalent of saying, "Virtue is useless"—which is itself only another way of saying that virtue, like art, is an end in itself, a final good. And that is all that can really be meant by the phrase "art for art's sake," namely, that the aesthetic emotion can be a self-justifying pleasure, good in itself, not good because it leads to something else; that though certain forms of it may be justified on the ground that they produce a better society, one of the justifications of a good society may just as well be that it produces good art. Uselessness and valuelessness are not the same things.

One might, I think, solve in somewhat the same way another fact which Professor Guérard seems to find more or less troubling—the fact that the doctrine of art for art's sake usually comes into prominence in epochs when

* "Art for Art's Sake." By Albert Guérard. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $3.

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men have suffered some disillusionment with a hope—moral, religious, social, or economic. But that does not necessarily mean that art for art's sake is trivial. It may mean only that of all the goods men may pursue and of all the blessings they may hope to gain, the joy of art is the one which least often fails them, which is there when the others have eluded their grasp. Nor can I conclude without remarking that a phrase of my own about the contemplation of tragedy as one of the highest of human pleasures is not so dangerous as Professor Guérard seems to think. It does not lead to the conclusion that we ought to encourage calamities in order to enjoy them, for a "calamity" is by no means the same as a tragedy. Confusing them was Nero's mistake.

BOOKS

History Without Pattern

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY. By W. E. Woodward. Farrar and Rinehart. $4.

READERS of Mr. Woodward's "George Washington" and "Meet General Grant" will know what to expect in his new book. Mr. Woodward is a skilful debunker; he puts our traditional notions under the bright light of fresh inquiry and cuts away the parts that are rotten with the quick, incisive strokes of a master surgeon. He is honest, plain-spoken, courageous. He names names. He strikes often and hard. His books are never dull.

In the present volume, his most ambitious work to date, he set himself the task of writing a history of America for the man on the street. The book begins with the reign of Henry VIII and ends, 875 pages later, with the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt—"The way was open for the New Deal."

In the technique of writing for the common man Mr. Woodward has few equals. He has mastered to perfection the use of the short pithy sentence, the apt phrase, the colorful word. In addition he has a genuine flair for story-telling, and one juicy tale after another makes his narrative vivid and exciting. He frequently employs the clever device of illuminating the past by tying it up with the present. His simple dynamic style is just the right dish for the average man.

Turn the pages at random and you will find abundant evidence of his awareness of social realities made plain in hard-hitting, succinct phrases. ". . . Harding's idea of normalcy was to give a free hand to money-getters, sharp-witted tricksters, stock manipulators, and other bandits who lived by raids on the national income." "That is called 'individualism' in the American language, a high-sounding term for money greed transfigured and parading as a virtue. . . . In an individualistic civilization the ability to get money is the ultimate standard of merit."

Unfortunately, however, keen insight, a pungent style, and refreshing candor are not enough. Mr. Woodward has not written a New American History. He has written an Old American History in a new and engaging way. It is amplified, debunked, more thrilling, more plausible—but it is not new. In the old American history important happenings were often explained as being due to the ability, desires, or whims of important individuals; in Mr. Woodward's history personalities again occupy the center of the stage. In the old history the topics were bewilderingly unrelated—an assorted conglomeration whose only sequence was chronological; in Mr. Woodward's history there is again no connected story with political, social, and economic events woven together into a definite pattern—one Administration still follows another, and the major events in each are recorded primarily in time sequence as before.

What Mr. Woodward lacks is a coherent view of history. Time and again his absorption with personalities takes him off the track; repeatedly his interest in story-telling *per se* shunts him here, there, and everywhere away from a central theme. One inevitable result is that he contradicts himself in several places. On page 186, for example, he writes, "His [Lafayette's] coming accomplished more for the American cause in France *than all the efforts of diplomats and commissioners.*" But six pages later we learn that this was not really so. "It should not be understood that Lafayette evoked single-handed the formidable military aid which France gave the colonies during the last year of the war. *Benjamin Franklin was the prime mover.*" And finally, in the very next paragraph, we get the real truth, "Neither Franklin, nor Lafayette, nor anybody else could have persuaded the French to send an army to America *if the move had not been in direct line with French policy.*" (My italics.)

It is a pity that the author did not have in front of him, as he wrote, his own correct observation that "no man, or group of men, can hold back the movement of collective social and economic forces." If he had, then he would not have made the mistake of devoting nine pages to Lafayette and only three to Shays' Rebellion. Nor would he have given as much space to the feelings and activities of Mr. Coolidge after his failure to get the nomination for a second term as he gave to Debs, Altgeld, and the Pullman strike.

In this connection it is to be regretted that Mr. Woodward's interest in personalities did not extend as much to labor leaders and revolutionists as to politicians, statesmen, and generals. If it had done so, then he would, in truth, have been well on the way to writing a New History. And he would have turned the trick entirely if only he had stuck to his own definition, "History is not a succession of semi-detached episodes, but a sequence of events so closely intertwined that they form a definite pattern." One searches in vain for the definite pattern. It isn't there.

LEO HUBERMAN

Well, Not So Deep

NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL. By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. $2.50.

RHYME AND PUNISHMENT. By Leonard Bacon. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

AT THE risk of provoking one of those quiet murders by repartee for which Dorothy Parker is notorious, I must say that I judge, purely from the internal evidence in these poems, that her life has been terrible—terribly monotonous. This poetry of a smart lady Wordsworth, recollecting her emotion in acidity—and asking for more—got terribly monotonous to this reader, too. I should think this, I believe, if I had lived all my life in Cripple Creek and had never heard the gossip of the wits at the Algonquin.

As revealed in these poems, Mrs. Parker has always been falling in love: too much, too little, too foolishly, too deeply,

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too tentatively, and with a succession of lovers who have reciprocated in one or another of these ways, at the wrong time. The poet knows at the beginning of each new rapture how it is going to end, and how soon. She thinks love is a liar and a cheat, and cannot help falling in love just the same. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Love continues, the same delusion, only the lovers change—frequently. The summary of this sad situation appears on page 84 in a quatrain whose last two lines are:

> The third love was his, and the fourth was mine;
> And after that, I always get them all mixed up.

So does this reviewer, who is provoked by the collection to inquire a little querulously into the extraordinary legend concerning Dorothy Parker's poetic powers. Various critics noted on the jacket of the book attribute to her the joint virtues of half a dozen different writers. Her poems have seemed to a great many women the terse, brilliant summary of the tragic situation of all woman-kind, doomed pitifully to fall in love with a succession of lads who turn out to be unfeeling louts, whose devotions they know in advance are writ in water or in cocktails. They have liked her cries of anguish because the tears are always crossed with self-mocking laughter at the end. Women have even liked her contempt for women, and have adored her vituperation for virgins.

Men have liked her poems because of the half-bitter, half-wistful tribute to their indispensability and their irresistible, fatal charms. A different kind of lover, the lover of light verse, has admired her extraordinary technical competence and the way in which her verse constantly veers over into the domain of genuinely lyric poetry. The wits of the town have been delighted to see a Sappho who could combine a heart-break with a wisecrack.

For years she has sobbed in accents at once ribald and melodious, always or nearly always trenchant, and occasionally with just that touch of vulgarity ("a sock in the eye," "And though to good I never come—Inseparable my nose and thumb!") which makes the reader feel that he could have said that himself. One might say in a mixed and hopefully not misleading metaphor that Mrs. Parker has been the Mrs. Ernest Hemingway of her generation, hard as the nails which repeatedly, we are told, break her repeatedly mendable heart.

Now that her collected poems have appeared, it is worth considering what one may expect to outlive the legend and the popularity. When Mrs. Parker deserts the theme that has become her *spécialité de la maison,* she can write sonnets that have the authentic note, in cadence, in tenderness, and in truth. She has the gift of the exactly timed, self-mocking glint to the recital of a lover's woes. She has a lyric way with words, and a craftsman's exactness in their arrangement. But there is no evidence throughout the volume that there is more than one kind of heart-break, and one hears so much about the one kind that one begins to think that it is in the character of an advertising slogan, like the toasting of one cigarette or the mildness of another. The depression in this book dates; it is the depression of a boom era; when days were less troubled, the troubles of lovers' nights may have seemed a more central theme of melancholy than they do now. As for the permanence and poignancy of her theme that love is both acute and transient, Sappho said it more briefly in a fragment that is really a whole poem:

> I loved you, Athos, once
> Long ago.

If Dorothy Parker's theme is limited to the troubles of a lady with a succession of lovers, no such narrowness of inter-

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est can be attributed to Leonard Bacon. "Rhyme and Punishment" (the modulation of Gilbert is an unfelicitous title) takes the world for its subject, indeed two worlds, the realm of the great humanistic tradition, which Mr. Bacon obviously knows and loves, and the world of contemporary follies, tyrannies, and pretensions which he obviously hates. Many of these verses are excoriations of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, of the "strange coition" in the head of Marxist-Anglo-Catholics, and the "Shelleys of the New Incompetence." Many others are paeans to beauty remembered, or cries at something lost and gone out of our time, or out of our time's estimation.

Mr. Bacon's volume consists really of conversation pieces of a pleasant, cultivated mind which is "tired of the admired and unadmired" in current winds of doctrine. The indignations and enthusiasms are, many of them, such as many enlightened people share. But it is never precise, edged light verse, or, where lyrical in intent, genuinely lyrical in effect. The verse is such as one might write rather hastily for an occasion, perhaps an academic dinner. Sometimes Mr. Bacon does turn a really neat epigram or a tender, true line. But the author does not seem to be able to make up his mind as to what note he would strike, nor does he strike any with exactness.

If somebody with Dorothy Parker's sharp tools could deal with Mr. Bacon's wider and deeper themes, or if he would sharpen his tools, we should have satiric verse that would constitute commentary at once entertaining and important. But Alexander Pope has not yet been born again.

IRWIN EDMAN

Pushkin in English

THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN. Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Random House. $3.50.

IT IS a joy for the student and teacher of Russian literature to have at last this neat, compact, and quite representative volume. The need of such an edition has been too obvious. The fragmentary translations of Pushkin's poetry failed to give the English reader a clear idea of why Pushkin is considered so superb by his compatriots, from Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy to Bolshevik poets and generals in our own day. In the Random House one-volume edition we may sample Pushkin's lyrics, narrative poems, folk-tales, dramas, and prose stories. Mr. Yarmolinsky's lucid introduction helps us to understand the personal life of the poet against the background of early nineteenth-century Russia. Thus Pushkin is for the first time properly introduced in English.

The volume includes Pushkin's masterpiece, "Eugene Onegin." It has taken one hundred years and more for this work to be adequately translated into English. Babette Deutsch has performed a remarkable feat in rendering the original meter without losing the conversational directness, fancy, and raciness of the Russian. I know only one other poet capable of such a performance—Max Eastman, whose version of "Message to Siberia" is one of the gems in this collection. "Eugene Onegin" may explain Pushkin's unique place in Russian letters: aside from its tonal beauty, the poem is a novel of manners which has served as a model for the best Russian fiction. The hero is a forerunner of the "superfluous men" of Turgenev and others, the misplaced and restless Russian gentlemen who have no normal outlet under state regimentation and repression. You will find Tatiana, the heroine, a prototype of many Russian women characters, irresistibly charming in their simplicity, spontaneity, and fearless honesty with themselves. In general, Pushkin's sublimation of the commonplace in that narrative poem struck the dominant note in Russian fiction.

The editor has done well in selecting pieces that help gauge Pushkin's talent as much as his versatility. It may be regretted that he has omitted such sparkling early works as "Ruslan and Ludmila," and such allegedly Byronian long poems as "Gipsies." One might wish for a larger dose of lyrical poems if only for the sake of proportion. Miss Deutsch should not have overlooked such a jewel as "Hymn to the Plague," suggested by the Song in John Wilson's "City of the Plague." But whatever strictures one may voice, the volume is a treat, a meal for the literary gourmand.

With all the joy I feel at the appearance of this book, I have some misgivings about the reaction of the non-Russian reader. In translation, however adequate, Pushkin may too readily bring to mind certain Western models. There will be many a finger pointing at his indebtedness to Shakespeare and Voltaire, to Parny and the Lake poets. Even "Eugene Onegin," as authentically Russian as his fairy tales, may suggest Byron's "Don Juan." The original aroma loses its pungency in a secondary medium. Mr. Yarmolinsky asserts that Pushkin's verse "singularly resists translation, since it is *lacking in imagery* and is *innocent of intellection,* relying for its magic on precision, clarity, and a verbal felicity as palpable as it is difficult to convey." The words I have underlined seem to me unfortunately chosen. There is abundant and profound "intellection" in Pushkin's lines; one must not be deceived by their graceful ease and lack of laboriousness. Frankly, I find it difficult to name a genuine poet who is "lacking in imagery and intellection," and yet has something to say. What is true is that Pushkin's style is as inornate as Doric architecture. He suggests images by the right choice of noun and verb, reducing his adjectives to a minimum. When the translator tries to convey the polysyllabic Russian into monosyllabic English, he is tempted to pad, and is apt to employ clichés. Herein is the danger of Pushkin sounding "ordinary" in English. As an example I may refer to the little masterpiece, I Loved You Once (page 68), in which the words "oh, my dear" are not only absent in the original but are offensively hackneyed and out of place.

To a Russian, Pushkin may be as unreasonably precious as a first love. Yet there is good reason for the enthusiastic acceptance of this "gentry poet" by the U. S. S. R.: unlike most of the pre-revolutionary Russian authors Pushkin has sounded a potent affirmation of life, and is therefore nearest to the view of militant optimism now in vogue among the Soviet citizenry.

ALEXANDER KAUN

In Dubious Battle

NOT UNDER FORTY. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MISS CATHER, explaining her title, says that this book of literary comment "will have little interest for people under forty years of age" because "the world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts." Reading on, one finds this note stressed again and again, until one feels it has acquired an excessive significance in Miss Cather's mind—as though 1922 stands for one of the Ten Decisive Battles of the World, and people must greet one another, even today, with a peremptory "Friend or enemy?" As a result, the book has a propagandist smell, and one's first job is to discount its overtones—over-

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tones of smugness springing from uncertainty, of an odd feeling of guilt, of a deep feeling of regret for the past and a self-righteous loyalty in going to the past's defense. But if Miss Cather is writing, as at heart every good writer must, for her equals and not for her classmates; if she is trying to say what is true and not what is comforting, it is scarcely for her to name her audience in advance.

Of course this book is a confession of what needs no confessing. Every American reviewer who asks for more in a novelist than charm of style and responsiveness to atmosphere has attacked Miss Cather in recent years for running out on the present to hide in the past and for rejecting even such portions of the past as had the poor judgment to be unsavory or ungovernable. That the author of "My Antonia" and "A Lost Lady" should have turned squeamish and at length genteel, that she should have broken with the vibrant tradition in which she achieved so much, is a great misfortune; it is perhaps an even greater one that she should regard her defection as a virtue, and be somewhat holier-than-thou concerning it. Faced with the choice, I think most of us would have preferred having her deal with life as she used to, even if she stopped from time to time to recoil in ladylike fright, to her refusing to deal with life at all. But it is presumably too late; the only noise of battle with which Miss Cather chooses to be concerned is its cadenced echo.

When Miss Cather comes to sum up a lifetime of reading, she reverts to Sarah Orne Jewett and Katharine Mansfield, to a niece of Flaubert's, whom she met at Aix-les-Bains, to the widow of James T. Fields, whom she visited at Manchester-by-the-Sea. To these she adds a curiously intense paper on Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers" and an essay entitled The Novel Démeublé. The pieces on Mansfield and Jewett do not rise from appreciation to criticism, and must be dismissed. The memoir of Flaubert's niece makes delightful reading—one shares in the excitement of casually encountering a remarkable old lady who revivifies a great and brilliant period. The memoir of Mrs. Fields, on the other hand, is just too, too delightful, assuming you care for those great ladies whom certain playwrights are always creating along with mellow, middle-aged art connoisseurs from Vienna.

In The Novel Démeublé Miss Cather, still fighting the Battle of the Books, gets down to saying something. She argues forcefully against the use of so much unimportant baggage in the modern novel: so much cataloguing, so much parading of mere observation, so much displaying of physical sensations for their own sake. What she argues for is the sovereign play of the emotions, the restitution of the valuable and lasting elements in the human drama. She is perfectly right of course; literature always needs to be decoded from a passing jargon into a universal language; consequently it needs what Miss Cather implies it lacks—a sound sense of tradition and cultural integration. But need she sniff and purse her lips as though the fate of literature lay with her alone? And dare she think that all we mean by tradition is more important than all we mean by experience? She meanwhile has become a little too fond of high-sounding, evocative words; a little too prone to imbue her work with the sense of good breeding. Much the same thing has happened to her in her way as has happened to T. S. Eliot in his. Each has mistaken a hothouse for a garden; each has forfeited much power, much understanding, in exchange for the consolations of a measured, formal attitude toward life. The critic may lack the right to question such decisions, but he cannot help commenting on what harm they have done, artistically, to those who made them.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

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Mental, Psychic and Physical Barriers
Effects of Menstruation
Effects of Physical Development
Effects of Early Parental Training
The Clumsy Husband
Pseudo-Frigidity
Pseudo-Response
Sexual Underdevelopment
The Pleasure-motif in Sex

The Unsatisfied Wife
Effect upon Nerves
Fear of Pregnancy
The Acquiescent Wife
True and False Sexual Response
Happily Managing the Sex Act
Problems of Orgasm
The Satisfaction of Normal Sexual Appetite
The Oversexed Wife

Married Courtship
Making Desires Known via the Special Language of Sex
Tactics the Husband Should Use
Tactics the Wife Should Use
Helpful Preliminaries to Sexual Union
The Sensual Appeal; the Spiritual Appeal
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France in the Far East

FRENCH POLICY AND DEVELOPMENTS IN INDO-CHINA. By Thomas E. Ennis. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MR. ENNIS has turned on the light in a dim alley of history and a far-off corner of the world. Indo-China has not become a tourists' treat like Java and Bali, or a recognized figure in world affairs like China and Japan, or an explorers' stamping-ground like Tibet or Mongolia. This French colony that was once five independent kingdoms is one of the least-known countries of the Far East. Few are aware that it has an exciting history of its own, a civilization as old as the Chinese, and a present unrest that is causing its French masters as many headaches as India is causing England. Mr. Ennis has done an expert job in reconstructing the story of French penetration and conquest, as brazen a piece of imperialism as the modern world has witnessed.

Expert also is his study of French colonial administration beset by the clashes of race, culture, and customs that are the result of the effort to superimpose a European individualistic social structure on an Eastern collectivist structure. As opposed to the British and Dutch colonial policy of indirect rule, or rule by "association," the French have tried direct rule, or rule by "assimilation." That is, instead of allowing local native rule to continue under central direction by the French, they have attempted to make a clean sweep of both native laws and native officials, substituting French administrators down to the smallest village magistrate. Havoc has been the result, as well as a mutual antagonism produced by the inevitable misunderstanding of Occidental and Oriental. Nationalism and agitation for independence have followed as in India. In the hope of preventing these movements from growing into a real threat, the French, eminently realistic as always, have been substituting by degrees indirect for direct rule, putting the natives back into official positions and abandoning the Code Napoléon where it was obviously irreconcilable with Indo-Chinese custom. But Mr. Ennis sees this as a vain stop-gap. Any acceptance of the principles of "association" means, he believes, the granting of concessions until independence can no longer be forestalled, whether the Colonial Ministry in Paris likes it or not.

Beneath the author's cold facts runs a passionate undertone of sympathy for the independence movement. In 1924-27 when the Chinese Nationalists were organizing the sentiment which ultimately burst into civil war, Mr. Ennis was managing the Nationalist (Chinese-American) News Agency in Peking. His contacts with Korean and Indo-Chinese nationalists undoubtedly aroused his interest in the Asiatic fight against foreign domination and prompted the present book.

Discussion of his belief that European colonies in Asia will ultimately win their freedom would be fruitless, for "ultimately" is a word without horizon. As far as Indo-China is concerned, it may be that the Front Populaire government of France, once it feels more firmly established on domestic ground, will turn its attention to genuine reforms in the colonies which will hold off agitation for independence for some time.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

A Literary Autobiographer

SWINNERTON: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

THE chief impression derived from reading Mr. Swinnerton's account of his first fifty years is that he is a very kind, tolerant man. This is in spite of the fact that several times he takes the trouble to describe himself as cruel, cold, and harsh. But he is only boasting. As adviser to London publishers for many years, he has had to exercise literary judgment. He counts among his friends most of literary London as well as many writers in the United States. And he has a good word to say for every one of them.

Perhaps the most important portraits in his book are full-length verbal drawings of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. When he was a young man and a comparatively unknown novelist, both of these men became his good friends, and Bennett in particular continued to be so until the latter's death. Bennett has been described by other men as mercenary, boorish, calculating. Swinnerton found him unfailingly kind and generous, both with his money and with his time, ready to help young authors who showed talent. If Bennett counted the number of words he wrote every day, and faithfully totaled his 365,000 every year, it was because he was above all else a writer and a worker; if he was short and blunt of speech, it was because he had always to take account of a stammer; if he seemed to live beyond his means, it was not ostentation but the result of generosity to others. In the same way the incredible week-ends at the Wellses, in which the hours were crowded with games and charades and dancing and exercise, with Wells always refusing to play unless he was sure he would win, are regarded by Mr. Swinnerton with a kindly eye. Shorter portraits are bewilderingly numerous: there are the great editors—Massingham, Clifford Sharp, Spender, A. G. Gardiner; there are writers in plenty—Hugh Walpole, Osbert Sitwell, Compton Mackenzie, Sir Harry

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Johnston, Somerset Maugham, Allan Monkhouse, Edgar Wallace, and many others. If there is an edge to any of these descriptions, it is for Galsworthy. One suspects that in so far as he could dislike anyone, Mr. Swinnerton disliked Galsworthy. But the worst he can say of him is that "for all his humaneness and readiness to pardon faults he was socially conventional." By which Mr. Swinnerton means that he was an unconscionable snob.

Whatever his talents as a writer—and he is amiably modest about them—there is no question that Mr. Swinnerton has a great talent for friendship. And whether it was because of his own happy gifts or partly as a result of his professional position, he moved freely and acceptably among the greatest conversationalists and wits of his day. Of George Doran's last London dinner party he says: "It proved a truly farewell party—consisting of Max Beerbohm, Arnold Bennett, C. B. Cochran, John Drinkwater, Philip Gibbs, A. P. Herbert, Somerset Maugham, and H. G. Wells, which was the most amusing party I ever attended." One may easily imagine that it was; and the fact that Swinnerton was included tells a great deal about Swinnerton.

Mr. Swinnerton writes of famous men and women pointedly and with a lively, engaging style. If he refuses to join in the modern literary sport of debunking the great, it probably does not matter. He liked them; they quite evidently liked him. He is willing to leave criticism to others.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

FILMS

"Winterset" and Others

"WINTERSET" (RKO-Radio) has been praised as better than the play from which it was taken. It can be praised, but not as something better than Maxwell Anderson; for it bears only the most superficial resemblance to the tragedy which won prizes last year. There is of course the "happy" ending, but that is not the point. The escape of Mio and Miriamne from Trock's bullets as they go to inform the police about the Romagna case is merely incidental to a larger change, and is in fact an appropriate ending to a story which has never concerned itself with anything except "the truth" about the case—the identity, namely, of the murderers. For Mr. Anderson the truth included a great deal more; as much, indeed, as the meaning of justice in a world of accidents and court trials. Mr. Anderson may not have got to the bottom of this question, and he may not have written a first-rate tragedy; but any comparison of the film with the play is misleading if it ignores the omission of metaphysics from the former. Mr. Anderson's central figures are clearly Mio and the judge, and the deepest question he asks is whether any demonstrable good can now be done, either to these two or to society as a whole, by revealing the truth about Trock. Can the damage which has been done be undone? And will not some new damage ensue among a people which until now has trusted its judges? The question is not answered neatly; it is not that kind of question, nor is Mr. Anderson that kind of playwright. Rather it is allowed to spread its meaning through the play as the mind spreads through the body, giving it character no less than movement.

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The film keeps to the detective level, beginning as "The Prisoner of Shark Island" did with a sequence proving that a certain man had nothing to do with the crime for which he will be punished. Thus we are never in doubt concerning the man's innocence, so that our entire attention is fixed upon a series of events which will, we hope, demonstrate it to others. Such a hope can be very urgent, and the interest of "Winterset" on the screen is by no means to be denied in view of all that has been done by the camera to make the setting physically impressive and to convince us with close-ups that Mio is a marked young man. But it is a different interest from that aroused by the play; not necessarily shallower, but certainly simpler. A film can be complex in its own terms. No film made from a play, however, seems able to achieve the virtue; doubtless for the reason that it is talking in other terms.

"Rembrandt" (United Artists) was a great disappointment to me. Or rather it wasn't, since I have long been convinced that stories cannot be made out of the lives of artists. The characteristic activity of an artist is invisible; it is the activity of his mind, and as such is undramatic. He may be in love, but then he becomes a lover like any man—though the attempt is usually made to deprive him of his manhood by dressing him up as poets and musicians are fabled to dress. Charles Laughton and his director in the present case, Alexander Korda, avoid the vulgar error of showing us Rembrandt in front of an easel; but the ingenuity with which they have kept him behind it is at best a negative stroke, and out of the man's life they have presented us with nothing more than a few isolated tableaux, counting on our interest in Rembrandt to pull the film together. Our interest in Rembrandt, however, can do no such thing; for it is an interest in the painter whom nobody ever saw, even in the seventeenth century, and even Mr. Laughton cannot bring that man to life. The result is a film which comes as near as any film can come to standing perfectly still.

"Once in a Blue Moon," written by Hecht and MacArthur and directed by them for Paramount, should be seen wherever possible within the next few weeks, since it is something of a fugitive from the limelight, having proved in certain mechanical ways a failure. Its clown, Jimmy Savo, is nevertheless a diminutive genius at pantomime, and the whole venture into frolic is really and touchingly free.

MARK VAN DOREN

Holiday Recommendations

Plays

D'Oyley Carte Opera Company. Martin Beck Theater. Excellent company in Gilbert and Sullivan repertory.

Idiot's Delight. Shubert Theater. The Lunts in a play by Robert Sherwood. Probably won't abolish war but is exciting and funny.

Johnny Johnson. Forty-fourth Street Theater. Kurt Weil's exciting musical setting for Paul Green's play about a soldier so normal they thought he was insane. "Serious" but also entertaining.

On Your Toes. Majestic Theater. A revue held over from last season but still funny. With Ray Bolger, Luella Gear, and Tamara Geva.

Prelude to Exile. Guild Theater. How Wagner turned a little love into great music. Some singing and piano-playing prove he really did do it.

Red, Hot, and Blue. Alvin Theater. Cole Porter writes another musical for Ethel Merman on a text by Russel Crouse. Of course it's not so good as "Anything Goes," but it's good nevertheless.

Stage Door. Music Box Theater. George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber provide some good gags in a play about young girls in a theatrical boarding-house.

The Country Wife. Henry Miller Theater. Ruth Gordon being irresistibly funny in Wycherley's very bawdy play.

Tonight at Eight-Thirty. National Theater. Repertory of short plays written by Noel Coward and acted by him with Gertrude Lawrence. The funny ones are very funny in Mr. Coward's own manner.

Tovarich. Plymouth Theater. An international success about two exiled Russian nobles in Paris. Superbly done and amusing if you don't mind the thick sentiment.

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Victoria Regina. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scene from Laurence Housman's drama, stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

As You Like It. Twentieth Century-Fox. Engaging, and good Shakespeare as far as it goes. Elisabeth Bergner is Rosalind; Leon Quartermaine is Jaques.

Come and Get It. United Artists. The logging scenes—hypothetically in Wisconsin—redeem an otherwise coarse-grained drama derived from Edna Ferber's novel.

The Devil Is a Sissy. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. First-rate child acting by Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, and Jackie Cooper; particularly by Mickie Rooney. Brilliant directing by Van Dyke.

Dodsworth. United Artists. Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in a convincing translation of the play.

La Kermesse Héroïque. Filmarte. Generally considered the best film of the fall. An exquisite piece of comic art.

Les Misérables. Cinéma de Paris. Harry Baur is Jean Valjean, and as always is overwhelmingly credible.

Libeled Lady. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There should be at least one William Powell picture on the list, and this is it. A very laughing matter.

Nine Days a Queen. Gaumont-British. An excellent if rather sober historical film about Lady Jane Grey.

The President's Mystery. Republic Pictures. Interesting as being an American propaganda film. The doctrine is co-operation, and the art is good.

Romeo and Juliet. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Continues to hold the screen, partly because it is good Shakespeare and partly because of Norma Shearer's very appealing Juliet.

Winterset. RKO-Radio. A simplified and less philosophical version of the play, but powerful in its own right.

Son of Mongolia. Amkino. The best Russian film in a year; achieves the note of folk comedy against a contemporary Mongolian background.

The Yellow Cruise. Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse. One of the best travel films to date. Follows the Citroën expedition from Beirut to Peking.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Carney and the *Times*

[*This letter was addressed to the New York* Times, *which informs us that it has already published several letters objecting to Mr. Carney's Spanish dispatches and plans to publish no more. Mr. Manuel's letter did not appear.*]

Dear Sir: William P. Carney in Paris can disseminate propaganda against the legally constituted government of Madrid with more freedom than was allowed by the censors of the republic.

Carney was a representative of the New York *Times* in Madrid for many months prior to the outbreak of the rebellion, and the republic had occasion to watch his methods of reporting. One of the wireless dispatches from Spain, which you printed on the front page of the issue of June 17, announced that thirty-six churches had been burned within forty-eight hours. When this issue of your newspaper was received in Madrid about a week later, newspapermen in the offices of the United Press were astonished to read of incidents which had not come to their attention. The files of the two days mentioned were examined but no references to these church burnings were found.

The dispatch seemed to have been inspired by a speech of the reactionary leader, Gil Robles, who was then orating in the Cortes about all the incidents which had occurred since the People's Front Republican government had come into power, not about the events of the previous two days. Naturally, Spaniards were outraged by such an attempt to defame their country and to impose upon Americans the impression that their regime was one of chaos.

What may be pardoned in times of peace cannot by any standards be allowed during the fever heat of a civil war. The long dispatch which Carney sent from Paris on December 6 depicts the anarchy and communism prevailing in Madrid; it intimates that the city is ready for the pacifying arm of General Franco. The reader's attention is drawn away from the massacre of workers in Badajoz, the fifth column of fascists in Madrid over whom the government must keep an ever-watchful eye, and the ravages of the Moors. Instead, the account abounds in details concerning the unhappy lot of a reporter in a country torn by civil strife. I naturally have no knowledge of the intimate facts reported by Carney, but it has been possible to check on one vital section of his uncensored report, the cinematographic account of the murder of Admiral Salas.

The vice admiral, according to Mr. Carney, was taken into a prison courtyard by an irresponsible militiaman and shot in a haphazard manner. There is no intimation of any regular court procedure. The affair which he thus reveals with all the manner of a diligent spy who has made a discovery in reality had nothing clandestine about it. Newspapers from Madrid have been coming through regularly until a few weeks ago, and the issue of *Claridad* for November 6 carried a full-page account of the trial of Salas. This man held the responsible post of chief of staff in the Ministry of Marine. He absented himself from his office during July 18, 19, and 20, the crucial days when the rebellion of the army officers was first spreading from Morocco to the peninsula, when fascist military men in Madrid and Barcelona were attempting to capture these cities by a putsch. Had he been loyal to the republic during these trying days, he would have remained at his post, in communication with naval officers in Mediterranean waters, prepared with all the forces at his disposal to impede the transport of Moors across the Straits of Gibraltar. His behavior was enough to lay bare his treason; inactivity alone, at that moment, was equivalent to collusion with the enemy. But there was more positive evidence. At the trial sailors reported incriminating conversations between Salas and Franco in the Canary Islands during a cruise. Minor officials in the ministry testified to the long period of time which elapsed early on July 18 between the receipt of a personal telephonic message to Salas from Franco and its transmission to the Minister of Marine.

Evidence was carefully weighed and Salas was condemned to death under Article 128, paragraph 2, of the Penal Code of Marine and War. He was judged not by a group of Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists but by the members of a tribunal who had long served in the judiciary and were fulfilling their normal functions.

Occasional errors in reporting may be committed by newspapermen; they should be pardoned. But the reports of the *Times* correspondent are outright falsifications which cannot be condoned.

FRANK EDWARD MANUEL

Boston, Mass., December 7

Señor Unamuno Loses His Job

Dear Sirs: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has released to the press a letter from Miguel de Unamuno in which the noted philosopher, who has been rector of the University of Salamanca for many years, upholds the fascist rebellion in Spain. The letter was written in Latin and has been sent to universities throughout the world. Although he does not mention the Madrid government by name, Señor Unamuno ascribes to it all the acts of vandalism and destruction which have taken place in Spain since the civil war began. He does not mention, either, the brutal bombardment of Spain's capital city and its civil population by that army of Spanish generals and African Moors which he pictures as defending "Western and Christian civilization" against "an Eastern fantastic scheme."

Perhaps the merciless destruction of Madrid had not set in when Señor Unamuno declared himself to be on the side of the angels. And obviously President Butler, in releasing the report, was not aware of the latest event in the life of Señor Unamuno. This event postdates the Latin letter—which can best be described by that familiar Latin gerundive, propaganda.

President Butler knew, of course, that at the time the letter was written Señor Unamuno was no longer legally rector of Salamanca, the Madrid government having removed him from his post when he declared his allegiance to the fascists many weeks ago. But Dr. Butler apparently did not know, when he released the letter, that Señor Unamuno is no longer rector even under fascist auspices. The story was told recently in the *Claridad* of Madrid. On Columbus Day, known as "the day of the race," an elaborate celebration was held at the university, which was already more than two and a half centuries old when America was discovered. General Franco and his staff were honored guests at the ceremony, in which the distinguished rector,

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of course, took part. There were also present high officials of the church and many priests and soldiers.

Among others, General Millan Astray, a veteran of the Moroccan wars, was called upon to speak, though, like others, his name has been besmirched by parliamentary investigations of graft and corruption. General Astray, unlike most Spanish generals, has always been a fighting man. In Morocco he lost an eye and an arm in the service of his country. He has presumably been serving Franco with the same devotion. Who had a better right to speak in honor of the Spanish race at Salamanca?

He spoke. And the theme of this defender of Western culture ran as follows: The Basques and the Catalonians are the Jews of Spain. They must be exterminated to the last man, woman, and child.

The words of General Astray falling athwart the history of the University of Salamanca match the bombs of Hitler and Mussolini now raining in Madrid. At Salamanca, which was noted in the Middle Ages for its code of civil law, Columbus lectured on his discoveries in the New World, and the Copernican system was taught long before it had been generally accepted. Salamanca's name is venerated wherever learning is respected.

The fate of the German universities is indication enough for the ordinary man of what a fascist government might accomplish at Salamanca. But Señor Unamuno, being a noted philosopher and having faith in established institutions like the army and the church, was not impressed. It took the crude words of a Spanish general to make him feel the damp penetrating chill of impending fascism. When the General had finished, the Rector rose and briefly spoke. If the General's plan were carried out, he said, if the Basques and the Catalonians were exterminated, then Spain, like the General, would be mutilated.

It is reported that General Franco and his staff left the scene in high anger and that the meeting broke up. According to the *Claridad,* on the following day Miguel de Unamuno was again removed from his post as rector of the University of Salamanca.

I await Señor Unamuno's next communication.

CARLETON BEALS

Brockett's Point, Conn., December 10

Christmas Gifts Wanted

Dear Sirs: Every year the Prisoners' Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense conducts a special Christmas campaign to provide holiday cheer to the labor and political prisoners and to their families. We know that *Nation* readers are aware of the plight of labor's prisoners and of their families deprived of their breadwinner. There are now eighty prisoners serving terms of a year or more, in addition to hundreds serving shorter terms in the prisons of this country.

Through pledges and donations from individuals and organizations, we provide help for these prisoners *every* month during the year. To express the practical sympathy and solidarity of those "on the outside" we urge you to give generously during the holiday season toward our $20,000 campaign.

Funds, good warm clothing, and toys for the children should be sent to the Christmas Relief Fund, International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street.

ROSE BARON
ANNA ROCHESTER
ROBERT W. DUNN

New York, December 1

Dear Sirs: Four Harlan, Kentucky, miners are still serving life terms for the death of a mine guard killed at Evarts in 1931. William Hightower, Elzie Phillips, and William Hudson, convicted on the same charge, have been released.

Forty of the forty-seven living jurors who served in the various trials have signed petitions urging Governor Chandler to pardon the four remaining lifetermers. Judges Kaufman and Hurst, who presided at the trials of Chester Poore, Jim Reynolds, and Al Benson, have written to the Governor saying they have no objections to pardons for these men. Former Judge Prewitt, who sentenced W. B. Jones, while declining to write a letter, said he would not object if a pardon were granted to Jones.

Today, after months of effort and travel through many parts of Kentucky, we have strong reason to believe that the four prisoners can be liberated before Christmas if an intensive campaign is carried on within the state, supplemented by widespread publicity outside. Further important investigation must be completed quickly to obtain additional evidence of the prisoners' entire innocence of the crime charged, and of their ruthless frame-up by agents of the coal interests. And we must organize speedily delegations of influential individuals who will press the Governor for action on these cases before December 25.

For these purposes we need funds at once. Will you help make this Christmas a happy one for the four prisoners and their families by sending a contribution to the Joint Committee to Aid the Kentucky Miners' Defense, 75 Fifth Avenue?

HERBERT MAHLER, Secretary

New York, December 3

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